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PRINCELY AMUSEMENTS OR THE HUMORS OF THE FAMILY.

G Cruikshank fect

THE SCOURGE.

MARCH 2, 1812.

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NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Veritas will very particularly oblige us by sending the longest of his communications at an early period of the month, as we wish to authenticate many of the topics necessarily introduced by a reference to historical documents. Will he do us the favor of appointing the time and place of interview, by a note addressed to X. Y. Z. at our publisher's?

The Duke of Norfolk turned Potatoe Merchant is inadmissible.

The Memoirs of the Sicilian Courtezan have extended to a length so unexpected and inconvenient, that we must reluctantly postpone their insertion for another month.

The admirable Essay on Constitutional Fictions and the Errors of the Scotch Political Reformists, has no other fault than its prolixity. We shall be happy to return it for curtailment.

The Paragraph from the Morning Chronicle, on the Canting Society; the case of Colonel Brown; Colonel M'Mahon, and the Widow's Pensions; and Wellesley versus Canning, or Intrigue upon Intrigue, shall meet with attention adequate to their merits.

The collection of Inscriptions at the Seat of Alexander Davison, Esq., in Northumberland, is extremely imperfect, and contains nothing worthy to be submitted to the notice of our readers.

Lady A.'s enquiry was so evidently the offspring of other motives than curiosity, that we received her messenger with suspicions that her subsequent explanation has had no tendency to allay: her gratification now depends on Mr. D——— himself.

The Royal Society, and the other Public Institutions, will become, in rotation, the subjects of our critical and political investigation.

We had expected to gratify our readers by a number of the Hyper-critic, on the last Number of the Edinburgh Review; but it is beneath our censure: the falling-off is equally striking and unaccountable.

THE

SCOURGE.

MARCH 1, 1812.

NEW MODES OF RAISING A REVENUE;

OR,

VICE *versus* TAXES.

SIR,

YOUR repeated attacks on the politics of the whig-leaders, have excited the most " vivid emotion" in the bosoms of themselves and their partizans. The friends of Lord Grenville assure the public that your observations are not *bottomed* on a good foundation; Mr. *Brand* is all on *fire;* Lord *Grey* never takes up your pamphlet without looking *blue*; the *Temple gates* are ordered to be shut against you; Mr. Sheridan (*mirabile dictu!*) eyes your pages in *sober* sadness; and it is no less true than pitiable, that your sheets have a very dull sale among the friends of the opposition, because they are of true British texture, without any intermixture of materials from Holland. Alarmed by the symptoms of despair that they have lately exhibited, and well aware that unless they return to power, they will never be able to afford out of their paltry sinecures of 20,000*l.* a year, or out of those reversionary grants which they so kindly condescended to accept from their gracious sovereign, even the most trifling remuneration to their faithful partizans; my thoughts have been long directed to the invention of a scheme, that might counterbalance in some measure the distrust of the Prince, and the hatred of the people. My labours (heaven be praised!!

have at length been rewarded by success, and I am enabled to submit to my patrons a proposal which shall not only command their immediate restoration to office, but secure its inheritance to them and their heirs in perpetuity.

It will appear, on a moderate calculation, that of the matrons of high life within the immediate circle of the opposition alone, about one fourth have been detected in conjugal infidelity: that of the *friends*, old and young, directly or collaterally connected with the opposition families, one third have violated their vows of chastity, or forgot to make them; that each married female has at least a new paramour weekly, and each virgin changes the object of her sighs and lamentations once a month. Now, Sir, since nothing can be done in this age of political and financial œconomy without the aid of arithmetical computation, let us suppose the number of matrons to be about 10,000, and that of the virgins, 36,000; dividing the former number by 4, and the latter by 3, we have the number of adultresses, 2500, and of unmarried incontinents, 12,000. Multiplying 2500 by 52, we have 130,000 for the number of *crim-con-ists* in a year; and performing the same operation with the figures 12,000 and 13, there arises a product of 156,000 for the number of simple *lovers*. Now, Sir, I beg leave to propose that it should be considered as a point of honor in the fashionable circles, that each matron should contribute to a fund established for the purpose, and called the Matron's Fund, 5*l.* before every change of her paramour; that 10*l.* be given to the "Spinster's Fund;" established on the same principle, on the same account; and that attached to the respective establishments, a licence office should be erected, at which should be kept a correct register of the names of the male and female parties, with the date of their commencement; and that 10*l.* be paid on admission at each of these institutions, and 5*l.* annually. After these suggestions have been attended to, Mr. Editor, and the expences of the buildings de-

frayed by public subscription, what remains but to devote the receipts to the purposes of bribery and corruption? Of the immensity of the revenue, permit me to convince you by the subjoined calculation.

Matrons.	Changes.	Fine.		annual deposit in the
2,500 ×	52 ×	5l. =	650,000	matron's fund.
Virgins.	Changes.	Fine.		annual deposit in the
12,000 ×	13 ×	10l. =	1,560,000	spinster's fund.
		Total		
			2,210,000	

Again:

156,000 Simpletons.
130,000 Crim. con.-ists.
2,500 Matrons.
12,000 Spinsters.

Total 300,500 × 10l. Admission = 3,000,500l.
Which suppose renewable only every four years,
and we have annually 750,125
Lastly 300,500 persons × 5l. annual licence. = 1,502,500

Total annual receipt £4,461,625

I need not suggest to you, Mr. Editor, that the preceding scheme is susceptible of many amendments and improvements. Penalties might be inflicted on the production of children; double-adulterers, or married men cohabiting with the wives of others, might pay double, &c. But imperfect as the system in its present state may be regarded, this hasty outline will shew the important consequences of which it may be rendered productive; and in the mean time recommending an enquiry of a similar nature into the resources of the ministry and the Burdettites,

I remain, your obedient servant,

CALCULATOR.

London, Feb. 18, 1812.

ON THE PAST AND PRESENT STATE OF OUR ECCLESIASTICAL ESTABLISHMENT.

Whatever may be the sentiments of a calm observer respecting the merits of Mr. Lancaster's system of education, or the means by which he has endeavoured to detract from the just praise of the gentleman on whose discoveries it is founded, he cannot be denied the merit of having incidentally contributed to arouse the established clergy from their habitual lethargy, and to excite them to the performance of their professional duties. Since the progress of the Lancasterian schools first threatened the safety of the establishment, the more respectable portion of the clerical body have displayed a zeal in the promotion of Christian knowledge, and a vigilance in resisting the encroachments of fanaticism, that a few years ago no one could have supposed to be compatible with their habits, or consistent with their established prejudices in favor of *quiescence.* It is to be regretted indeed, that many of the objects to which they have lately directed their attention, are of a description so far removed from the sphere of common life, and present so little promise of practical utility. But it is better that the clergy should be employed in fruitless exertion, than that they should sink into their former inertness: that the spirit of activity should have been once awakened is gratifying to the public, and fortunate for themselves.

On looking over the histories of the early protestant clergy of this country, we are astonished at the labours and acquirements of those celebrated men. An unexampled industry in professional duties, seemed to have scarcely interfered with the toil and diligence of literary acquisition, which might itself have occupied the lives and worn out the vigor of men in full health and ease. Yet they made their acquisitions in the midst of dangers that must have been extremely prejudicial to the composedness of literary investigation. The student was

not left to the quiet enjoyment of his study, nor the divine to the peaceable possession of his pulpit. Trying calamities not unfrequently broke in upon them; and those men whose leisure should have been guarded by national protection, for the furtherance of national good, were sought out, sometimes to suffer, always to struggle; urged from their books among turbulent and factious men, and in a day when superior excellence was only a mark for more decided unpopularity, driven to all the exigencies to which superior virtue will devote itself rather than embrace the evil cause. But their intercourse with the world, dangerous as it would have been to minds less firmly framed, appeared not to have stained the purity, or changed the habits of these eminent men. They retired from courts and councils to their libraries, and from their libraries returned into the active and bustling world, with the pure and noble minds that owed nothing to chance or situation, but every thing to principle. The history of these men, as revivors of theological learning in England, is that of excessive learning applied to one great and unchanging object. Deep researches into languages oriental and western, the most acute and philosophical investigations of nature, almost universal knowledge of ancient and modern history, a perfect acquaintance with the systems of theology delivered by the leaders of the most celebrated sects of their own and preceding ages, were the accomplishments of these extraordinary persons. We do not here speak of the higher qualities of zeal, devotedness to their cause and unimpeachable integrity, which made them the lights of the church, and the benefactors of their country.

The reflection that strikes us most painfully and most powerfully, on remembering those men, is the utter deficiency of the succession; the total falling off in all the great requisites of the clerical character, in those who have succeeded to the places from which the great reformists have gradually passed away to receive the only reward

for which they laboured. Eminent as the reformers were, and dignified as their motives must appear, it is impossible that so regular an effect could have been produced on so extensive a scale, without the support of some one of those excitements, which are obviously sufficient to rouse common minds in the common intercourse of life to vigorous and continued exertion. If the more active and learned among the early clergy were more exposed to suffering, they were more cherished by their superiors. The rewards which a wise and provident liberality had set apart for merit, were impartially and promptly bestowed: honor and emoluments were rigorously confined to the purposes of encouraging and remunerating virtue. It is recorded of some among the bishops, and that even in an age more nearly approaching to our own, that they looked through their dioceses for young men, whose habits and capacities gave the fairest hope of their future fitness for the church; that they took those young persons into their palaces, provided them with the instruction necessary to make them accomplished pastors, and finally placed them in situations that might at once reward their efforts, and give the most ample room for the exercise of the talents and virtues which might be expected from their education. We mean no irreverence to the prelacy of our day; but we will confess, that we do not expect any very sudden adoption of an example now grown obsolete along with the virtues that flowed from its existence; and we must express a sorrowful conviction, that the indolence and ignorance the want of zeal, and deficiency of knowledge, which have degraded the national clergy in the eyes of the people, are to be traced almost exclusively to the vicious system by which preferment is administered. Distinguished merit may make its way, but is not sure of its reward; such merit must be rare, and its success has little connection with the general good to be derived from rewarding the inferior excellence which is to be found among inferior

men, and required to be exercised in the humble ranks of the establishment.

It would, perhaps, be vain to hope that any signal change in the distribution of preferment can take place during the existence of parliamentary corruption. But numerous expedients might be found not unworthy the regard of those to whom the literature, and the purity of the church are still dear. The great means by which knowledge and usefulness in all other professions have been promoted, is competition: to promote this object, a fair field must be thrown open for the honorable rivalry of intellect and acquirement. This has given us eminent lawyers, able men of business, physicians who have extended the dominion of their art to nearly its utmost boundary, philosophers who have exalted the reputation of their country and contributed to enlighten and benefit the world. This principle applied even in an humbler degree to the church, would produce effects more extensive than its adherents have dared to calculate. Some of our nobles have the presentation of from ten to one hundred benefices; some of our bishops have a patronage more than sufficient to reward all the merit that can arise within their dioceses. If only one of the numerous livings within their gift, were annually offered to the competition of the curates, a different spirit would soon be observed to pervade the subordinate orders of the clergy. Only the weak, the servile, and the ignorant would fawn, and cringe, and flatter, for that which appeared within the reach of fair and honorable competition. The meritorious candidates who might be unsuccessful on one occasion, would look forward with confidence to future opportunities of trial; and even the unworthy would either refrain from engaging in the contest, or would be taught by its result in what light to estimate their own acquisitions and abilities.

Under the present constitution of the church, its most valuable livings are left to the disposal of grooms

and prostitutes. The chere amie of some weak and amorous nobleman, persuades him in a moment of licentious dalliance, to promise a reversion to her "college friend;" and my Lord Pot-8-o's agrees to match his bay mare against Jack Highflyer's chesnut gelding, for a thousand guineas, on condition that their common friend Tom Tandem have the next presentation to some good fat thing within his lordship's gift. The cousin or nephew of a bishop marries into a family of middling circumstances; the son and heir, intended by nature for a hopeful tradesman, is sent to college with the *particular- approbation* of his lordship; he learns at the university (what indeed may be learned any where) to drink and wench, and drive a tandem; but still he is allied by marriage to the bishop, and must therefore become the possessor of a benefice. If sacrifices like this to family connection, be necessary, let their evident effects be in some degree counteracted by some general and regular provision.

We have before us the portrait of a dignitary of the church, who rose to his present eminence, not by the display of superior talents, or the practice of superior virtue, but by the intemperate and unnecessary combination of the politician with the priest. Distinguished at the college over which he now possesses supreme dominion, by nothing but the indolence and intemperance of his habits; without any pretensions to scholastic or mathematical knowledge, and possessing a very slight acquaintance with English literature, he might have passed through life unnoticed and unknown, but for his accidental interference in the political disputes that agitated the university of which he was a graduate. An assemblage of the townsmen having been called to consider the propriety of petitioning his majesty for the dismissal of ministers, he delivered a long and scurrilous harangue. His zeal was reported to the minister. The mastership of his college fell vacant, and Mr. Pitt exalted him above the heads of his seniors in age, and his

superiors in learning. The influence that he thus obtained, he naturally and even laudably devoted to the furtherance of his patron's schemes, and the support of his interest. Mr. Perceval on assuming the office of prime minister, foresaw the importance of his attachment, and recommended him to his sovereign as the most proper person to be inducted to the see of B——. These are circumstances which reflect not so much discredit on Dr. —— himself, as on the system by which they are sanctioned: that he should accept the dignities conferred upon him was to be expected; that it should have been consistent with the usual practice to confer them, demonstrates the necessity of some reform in ecclesiastical discipline.

A graduate of the university of Oxford disgraces his college and his profession by indulgence in the most depraved pursuits, and the most intemperate habits. He is compelled to leave the university, and obtains in London the character of a popular preacher. Dowagers of rank invite him to their parties; he becomes at once a man of intrigue and gallantry; devotes to cards the leisure that ought to be employed in the exercise of his professional duties; and during the melancholy interval between September and January, dissipates the solitary hours, in the composition of burlesques on the religion of which he is a minister, and on the establishment of which he shares the honors and emoluments. He indulges his revengeful feelings in satirical attacks upon the individuals who contributed to his expulsion from college, and on the university that his conduct has disgraced. The presentation of a valuable living devolves on his patroness: the curate, a venerable and learned servant of the church, applies to obtain the fulfilment of her promise, and learns that it has been violated in favor of the card-table fop, the advocate of infidelity, the libeller of exalted worth, and the secret enemy of our religious establishment.

A living of nearly eight thousand per annum, is in

the gift of a particular family, and were the system of church preferment such as it ought to be, a prize so valuable would be the reward of extensive learning and exemplary virtue. But the younger son is just of an age to be sent to college. He is entered therefore at Oxford, where he spends three years of academical probation in every variety of juvenile dissipation. When he presents himself before the bishop, it is found that he can construe the first chapter of St. John; and he is therefore, according to the usual practice entitled to ordination. His theological knowledge is confined to Blair's Sermons; in the *Belles Lettres*, he is acquainted with Enfield's Speaker, and his classical acquirements extend to the remembrance of a few lines in Propria quæ maribus. But in shooting, hunting, swearing, drinking, and wenching, he may bid defiance to the rivalry of his contemporaries. Instead of attending therefore to the spiritual welfare of his parish, he devotes his mornings to the chase or the shooting party, his evenings to the seduction of the village maidens, and his nights to the orgies of Bacchus. As he becomes old and indolent and gouty, he acquires the moroseness of a tyrant, and displays the avarice of a miser: he distresses his tenants, abuses his authority as a magistrate, annoys and oppresses his parishioners by continual litigation, and dies of drunkenness and vexation, loaded with the execrations of that community, of which he had been appointed the teacher and the guardian.

If the majority of the beneficed clergy be thus dissolute and illiterate, it affords only a feeble ground of exultation that there are to be found among them many individuals of extensive learning, and exemplary manners. The safety of the church, and the religion of the people, depend on the character of our spiritual instructors as a body: to say that to effect a moderate reform in the system of preferment would be impossible, is to libel the constitution of our ecclesiastical establishment; and to admit that it is possible, without coming forward to co-operate in the prosecution of so desirable

an object, is to sacrifice existence to tranquillity, and in the enjoyment of luxurious repose to suffer the sleep of death to chill the heart and paralyze the limbs.

AN ENSORIAN ESSAY ON SOMETHING; MEANING ANY THING, AND PROVING NOTHING.

When the great Chrononhotonthologos (see that play written by Fielding) was missing, Aldiborontiphoscophornio, was asked where he might be found. Why this enquiry was made, the reader may discover by referring to Athenæus: it argues that I have a right to make a similar enquiry respecting truth, as Archimedes cried *Eureka* in the time of Hiero, king of Syracuse. Does the reader wish to know more of kings; I will refer him to the memoirs of πιππιν; or does he feel any curiosity respecting queens, let him look at τομ θυμ Q. A. φηλδινγ; Δολαλα loquitur. *Queens* indeed are usually *queans*, a proof that in our language there is yet great need of a synonymical dictionary. On the subject of queans I recollect a curious passage in Suidas too long to be quoted. Macrobius says something of a similar nature, but Philoxenus apud Stobæum is of a different opinion. After this argument it would be a waste of time to contend with the bigots who believe in hell—a place that may be proved by the accounts of the Siamese, to have no existence but in vulgar superstition. Would you wish to learn what the ancients thought of this, refer to Diogen. Laert. or that admirable work, the theme of my constant meditation, Ramanha, written by one of the scribes of Sandracottus, who clearly shews that hell is a corruption of Bel the Dragon, a fit prototype for our Dr. Bell, whose impudence astonishes me and the nation, and makes him a fit companion for the Belzebub of the priests.

These things smell of the filth out of which they come. Is it your desire to know what I think of such idioms, I shall say, in the words of a sublime poet,

Θη μωρ Υ κρι Θη λες Υ ΠΙΣ.

A profound and philosophical observation, displaying an accurate acquaintance with phisiology, not to mention *phiz*-iology, and betokening an investigation into causes and effects. Not less dangerous, however, on that account to the craft of the priests, and those subtle impostors the bishops and guardians of our church, who should never think of a jordan without shame for those predecessors in church juggling of ancient times, who persuaded the poor Jews to leave the streets of Jericho to be drowned the river. The great Popius indeed calls them

Λαιτς οφ θη Χυρχ;

but they are in fact ΠΡΗΣΤΣ or in still more expressive terms ΡΩΓΣ: men who have no objection, *bibere* as well as *mingere*, and who are never at a loss to think if they do not actually exclaim,

ιφ αι 'αδ α γυδ συχ αι κυδ ταακ ιτ υȣ.

Is there any piety in the clergy? If you are anxious to know, look to the history of Dr. Dodd; was he not executed for *forgery*? a crime which he merely learned from his predecessors, who had practiced it from time immemorial, and given their blundering forgeries—forgeries that the meanest apprehensions could detect to the world, under the name of the scriptures: are you desirous to know of their sobriety? Does not the Vicar and Moses fully describe their pretensions to that virtue; Was there not great debauchery practised by the ancient priests? as some one relates in a certain passage, though I recollect that his contemporary seemed to suppose that his descriptions were exaggerated, while his commentator boldly supports them? Who has not heard of Ann Browhrigg and Dr. Faustus (Annal. Germ. Curios. Ch. 1. Page 976), and John Kemble; than whom no

stronger proofs can be afforded of the abominable tendency of the christian religion. Did not the first whip her apprentices to death, evidently hoping that they would go to heaven, an idea that would never have occurred to her, had it not been for the shocking falsehoods of the christian priests; nor would Dr. Faustus have preyed on the credulity of the poor Dutchman, but for the notion of a devil; nor Mr. Kemble been called Black Jack, but for some supposed resemblance to Old Nick.

As for what the learned have thought of education, there are many ingenious though false maxims contained in the following collectanea, which I have brought together with great industry and research.

Ωυατ ισ γοτ ωϛ θε Δεφιλ; Ϭακ ισ ςπεντ υνδεϛ ᾽ισ Ϭελε.
Κηϖ ευρ ᾽ανδς φρομ πικιγγ ανδ ςΐηλιγγ.

But is it not plain, that if you teach a boy to be honest in early youth, he is honest merely because he has imbibed certain prejudices, and been accustomed to certain actions? There can be no merit in abstaining from theft, if abstinence be involuntary. I am therefore of opinion, that to instil any description of morality into the youthful mind is in the highest degree improper and injudicious. Let our youth be left to themselves, and when they grow up their errors are their own, and if they act rightly no one can detract from their merit, by saying that their goodness was involuntary. Besides, how can the parent know whether the principles that he instils into his son, if he does instil any, be correct? Have not philosophers of all ages been disputing about virtue, and are not their disputes still undetermined? To avoid doing wrong the safest way is to do nothing. In Otaheite (and why are not the Otaheitans as wise as we?) chastity is considered as a disgrace: among the Spartans (pity that the morals of antiquity are not more duly studied!) theft was regarded as a virtue; and why is not the opinion of that great people, as consistent with *the nature of things, and the laws of immutable truth* as our own?

But I am weary of contention with stupidity: so was Cicero, as may be seen in his writings; but when men pretend to speak of what they have never seen, as things existing: when they tell us of a place called India, and this India containing elephants, and these elephants carrying castles on their backs; and that this India was conquered by Alexander, and that we puny and foolish Englishmen have actually obtained the empire once governed by the Macedonian: and when they talk of palanquins, and not only of palanquins, but of palanquins containing Europeans, and those Europeans carried in those palanquins, of these Europeans the same and at the same time snoring; and heavens and earth! such things said of a place that possibly does not exist, and for our glory, is it not enough to make a philosopher mad, and when made to *make him make* himself ridiculous?

P.

That the preceding essay of our ingenious correspondent is after an existing model, and does great credit to his imitative talents, our readers will demand no other proof than the following extracts from Ensor's Essay on National Education. "Are kings and their ministers judges of the arts? Was Peter of Medici, who employed Michael Angelo in forming a statue of snow, or &c. &c. &c. or Louis the 14th, who asked the Duke de Louvois, *mais a quoi sert de lire*, or his minister Louvois, who piqued himself on never opening a book, for which of course he was praised, and particularly by La Bruyere, or Bute, who Cumberland says had a disposition to be a Mæcenas, or Mæcenas himself? I suppose, not for on the authority of Seneca, Suetonius and Tacitus, we must repute him a most affected writer. Or, to reascend from ministers to potentates, was Hadrian a judge or lover of the arts, or could he foster them? Yet he in fact originated our endowed colleges and academies. I say, he could not.

"Are you a poet, and would you chuse Charles the Ninth, of France for a patron. He said poets were to be fed, not fatted; or Dionysius of Syracuse: this man

patronised Philoxenus, who censured some of the king's poetry, for which he was condemned to the quarries. Would you chuse a vice-roy for your patron, and be knighted with John Carr, &c. * * * * Would you have some private but opulent patrician for your patron, as Calvicius, Sabrinius, &c. &c."

Our correspondent appears in his concluding paragraph to have imitated a paragraph in Mr. Ensor's essay respecting devils; but the copy is far surpassed in ludicrous peculiarities by the original.

Mr. Ensor is one of those men who dabble in every thing, without understanding any thing. He quotes Stobæus, yet misconstrues the plainest passages of Homer, and speaks of Quinctilian in a page that contains about a dozen instances of ungrammatical construction. He comes forward as a teacher of philosophy, and displays the dogmatism of the pedant, without the learning of the scholar, or the subtilty of the humble logician: he mistakes a knowledge of names and titles for learning, and supposes that to be obscure is to be profound, and to be quaint is to be original. To say what has never been said before, is an easy task to the writer who espouses opinions because of their absurdity; to shock the feelings of the devout, requires no qualities more exalted than impiety and impudence. The rational and conscientious deist would for his own sake observe the most scrupulous delicacy to what he might consider as the prejudices of mankind; truth itself meets with reluctant reception from the lips of a jester or a bully; the feelings of the community at large are not to be tamely exposed to laceration even by the conscientious enthusiasm of an individual who may possibly be right, but to whom even the certainty of being in the right gives no dominion over the sensations of his fellow creatures, and who, *à priori* must be regarded as a mistaken zealot. Were we to argue against Mahometanism in a Mahometan country, we should treat the prejudices of its adherents with respect, and should not venture to call in the alliance of

ridicule, till truth had prepared the way for its reception; till it became a legitimate weapon in the hands of the majority, and those alone who defied its stroke, were insensible to its keenness.

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

THE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.

WHOEVER has cast even a hasty glance over the labours of our first great leaders in the prosecution of antiquarian enquiries, must have been impressed with mingled feelings of astonishment at their industry, and of reverence for their talents. A single page of the merest drudge of the age of Elizabeth, contains as much philosophy, and embraces as large a proportion of historical and classical knowledge, as is sprinkled through the volumes of a Lysons or a Caster. They excited the amazement of their contemporaries by the magnitude of their designs, and the extent of their researches, and displayed no consciousness of the miracles they had performed: undertakings that would have occupied the life of a modern antiquarian, without approaching to completion, they regarded only as preliminaries to greater and more extensive efforts: and works which under the superintendence of a privileged dealer in antiquarian lumber, would have been presented to modern readers in a dozen folios, embellished with engravings, were dropped casually from the press, as the mere amusements of literary leisure, or as preliminary memoranda for the use of more able and industrious lovers of antiquarian science.

In a professed and legitimate antiquarian of the present day, neither the learning of the scholar, nor the judgment of the critic, is required or expected. The discoverer of a rusty key, the possessor of an illegible inscription, men whose knowledge is confined to a suspicion that Augustus was not the contemporary of Thomas A-

quinas, but who can speak with garrulous enthusiasm of mullions, and transepts, and side-arches, and crypts, and pilasters, are the *viri laudati* of a society established for the purpose of elucidating our national history, and contributing to the advancement of useful knowledge. Were they to descend indeed to the minutiæ of Gothic or Saxon antiquities, with any reference to the formation of architectural taste, or to the illustration of architectural history: did they endeavour by their researches, to elucidate the progress of our national manners, or the history of those political revolutions which preceded every change of architectural style in the buildings of our ancestors, their labours would be productive of substantial benefit to the public, and of the most exquisite gratification to those who at present regard their pursuits with no other sentiment than derision. But a true antiquarian feels no interest in any subject that may conduce to the extension of our knowledge, the improvement of our taste, or the gratification of rational curiosity. It is sufficient for him, that a church is ruinous, that a coin is rusty, that a pitcher is broken, that an inscription is obliterated, or a manuscript illegible. With him one remnant of the antique is as much an object of admiration as another. The comparative interest excited by two ancient structures is not dependant on the relative beauty of their workmanship, or even on the respective singularity of their proportions, but on the date of their erection. If a miserable hovel obtaining the name of a parish church, has stood twenty years longer than Westminster Abbey, it is by twenty years the more valuable structure of the two. If two pieces of parchment be presented to the society, the question is not what do they contain, or which of them throws the most important light on any subject of scientific or historical enquiry, but which is the oldest and most illegible. Selection and system, the great instruments of successful progress in every other object of human research, are rejected by the great body of antiquarians as useless and troublesome auxiliaries.

They collect materials without any regard to their utility, and without attempting to facilitate the study of antiquities, by arranging them in classes, and by pointing out their dependance on each other, or their connection with collateral branches of investigation.

To enter the rooms of the Antiquarian Society with a faint expectation of being repaid for the recurrence of half an hour to our favorite pursuits, our readers will admit to have been natural and reasonable: we knew that the society was richly endowed, and that every year augmented its revenues; we remembered the names of Strutt and Whitaker, and willingly indulged in the persuasion that the associates of such men must be well qualified to astonish by their learning, and enlighten by the splendor of their philosophy. We could not but suppose that at the weekly meetings of the society, the unconnected facts communicated by individual members, would be collected into one luminous system, that they would be applied by the labour of some superior mind to the elucidation of important difficulties, and to the deduction of useful and ingenious conclusions. To give life, and beauty, and utility to the mass of heterogeneous materials drawn together by the minute and patient labours of distant and insulated members, would evidently be a duty of easy performance to the president, and productive of the most important advantages to antiquarian science.

How far our expectations were gratified will be most easily determined from a narrative of their proceedings. About fifty members were present. The president, Sir Harry Inglefield, called over the names of several candidates for admission as fellows of the society. The ballot box was sent round for the first on the list, and during its progress round the room, Mr. Carlisle, the secretary, was pleased to read to the society the first of several communications of its associates. This learned and important paper had been transmitted from the country, and was interspersed with several references to a plate of

antiquities about two feet wide, and one foot high, posted at the end of the room opposite to the president: and in the first place let it be observed, that as the mouldings, &c. by which the orders of architecture were distinguished, occupied a minute portion of columns scarcely exceeding the height of from one to two inches, and as the members were *all seated* sideways towards these drawings, they must have been singularly delighted and edified by Mr. ----'s communications. In spite, however, of the smallness of the drawings, Mr. Carlisle began; and in a monotonous, vulgar, drawling, unimpressive tone, favoured the society with its contents. From the manner in which it was read, and from the frequent interruptions, we were prevented from committing it to paper in such a form as would have been pleasing or satisfactory to our readers, nor if they feel the same indifference with ourselves to minuteness without accuracy, and insipidity without erudition, can they justly regret the circumstance. The account was that of a church which seemed to have no other recommendations to the notice of the society than that it was old and shapeless. It informed us that the arches were oval, that through the transept might be seen an arch, that mullions were observable, that the side-aisles were long, and the buttresses fallen to decay. What circumstance in the history of architecture, in the annals of our country, or in the progress of science, these facts were intended to elucidate, we must remain in ignorance. The writer of the communication forgot to inform us, in what respect *his* church was different from any other ruinous structure, and its utility, therefore, remains to be discovered by the society.

Suppose that *we* were members of the Antiquarian Society, and were stimulated by the love of age and ugliness to favor its secretary with important communications. Suppose too, as on this occasion, that a drawing of the object of our researches was affixed to one end of the room, and that the ballot box had been sent round for the admission of Mr. Rowland Hunt; suppose, in the last

place that Mr. Carlisle, after due preparation, begins as follows :

Mr. Carlisle. Copy of a communication received from Mr. —— of —— dated July 16, 1812.

Sir I beg leave to submit to *you* as secretary of the Society of Antiquaries, the following description of a rare, curious, and I flatter myself singularly interesting ancient object, found by me lately as I was walking and musing among the ruinous fragments of the ruins in Wild-street, which, Sir, should you think them worthy of your attention, you will be kind enough to communicate to the Society of Antiquaries in London. This curious relique seems to be of pure silver, four inches long: the form is extremely curious. What I believe I may with propriety ——

The President. Gentlemen, I have the honor to inform you that Mr. Rowland Hunt, is elected a member of this society. I have in addition to inform you that Mr. A. B. is recommended to this society as a gentleman of extensive and profound acquaintance with the antiquities of England. Recommended by C. D. E. F. and G. H.—— Pass round the box.

Mr. Carlisle.—Propriety call the head, is of a shape something between a circle and an oval---of equal thickness throughout; consequently though hollow on one side, equally protuberant on the other. I think I cannot better illustrate this to the respectable Society of Antiquaries, than by requesting them to observe the moon on its third or fourth day, and suppose the concave part to be scooped out. From the head a shaft rises, having great resemblance in shape to the expanding part of the gothic pillar, as it proximates to the arch. This shaft, as you will perceive by the annexed drawing, expands as its length increases. End circular, flat, bent back, plain. On reverse a nebulus attaching shaft to head. Towards the end a curious compartment containing a Basso ——

Mr. President. Gentlemen, I beg leave to announce that Mr. B. is elected a member of this society.

Mr. Carlisle.—Relievo. First compartment, a wild beast---no doubt a lion. Second compartment, a large L. I beg leave to suggest to the society the probability that this letter contains the date of this valuable relic of antiquity. Third compartment, a portrait of fine execution: laurel round the hair, probably a relievo of Augustus. Immediately on one side these compartments are two letters curiously engraven in the metal, a proof that the ancients knew much more of the art of engraving, than many are disposed to admit. The letters are M. O. meaning, I have no doubt, as applied to Augustus, Magister Orbis—the master of the world.*---If the society think this account of every curious article worthy even of a moment's attention, I shall consider myself as well rewarded for all my trouble and perseverance in its discovery and explanation; and remain,

Sir,

With the most profound respect,

Yours, very truly,

P. P.

Now from this description of a *silver spoon*, we have no doubt that as much advantage would arise to the arts and literature of our native country, as from any one of the communications submitted to the society on Thursday evening. In our mode of expression, we have imitated their contents with conscientious accuracy: and if such be the compositions that occupy the time, and furnish the cabinet of the society, what wonder can be excited, that a Lysons should distract its councils by intrigue, and every exertion be employed to prevent the possible reelection of the present learned and respectable president?

* The *curious article* here described is a silver spoon, with the inspector's stamp, viz. a lion, his majesty's profile and the numeral etter. The initials M. O. are for Mary Osborne.

Such exhibitions as that which we were condemned to witness, have not only a negative effect; but are positively and extensively injurious to the interests of literature. An intelligent foreigner admitted into what he had been taught to regard as one of the first among our literary societies, and forming his opinion of our advancement in antiquarian knowledge from the proceedings on Thursday evening, would retire from the rooms with the most profound contempt for our literary character. His grace of Norfolk we do not suppose to be peculiarly versed in the history and antiquities of his country; but on seeing him enter the room, we could not but imagine to ourselves the impression of the scene before us on the mind of a Chatham or a Fox. It is unfortunate for the interests of learning, that its professors should ever be exhibited to the great, the powerful, or the eminent, in a point of view either repulsive or ridiculous; and we are unable to conceive any exhibition more unfortunately calculated to excite the derision of a statesman, or the pity of a philosopher, than a meeting of the Society of Antiquarians.

THE WHIPS.—No. II.

THE CARNIVOROUS COLONEL.

In our number for the month of January, we delineated the character of the Barouche Captain, or as he is called in his house, by way of contradistinction from his brother, "*the Member!*"—We have now to present our readers with anecdotes of his most intimate friend, who although not a *driving* member, only *an eating one*, as being the constant box companion of the Captain, is well worthy the honor of following his principal. *The Colonel*, is the son of an apothecary, at Haverfordwest, in South Wales. His poor father passed the best part of his life in the various duties of trituration at the mortar,

teeth-drawing, blood-letting, both to man and horse, and in the other little concomitant comforts, which all country apothecaries, but most especially a Welch apothecary, enjoy. Our present subject, the Colonel, not having talents sufficient for even the manufacture of pills for man, or balls for horse, received his *congè* from his father, and was sent into the wide world to seek his fortune. With Dick Dowlas's wardrobe, his all, his whole worldly estate, in an old pocket handkerchief of his uncle's, the town *farrier*, he found himself, one fine morning, with a heart as heavy as his head, on the road to Bristol. Walking all day, and taking his rest in the barns, and other outward accommodations of the Welch villages he passed through, he made the tour from his native town to the great and flourishing city of Bristol; where his natural stupidity was, in as great a degree as his heavy nature will admit, somewhat roused by the active scene which he witnessed. But here his talents could not procure him even that portion of bread, which his inordinate appetite required: he was literally starving, when a tailor took him into his service to carry out clothes to his customers. This, his first patron, he served for near a year; but unfortunately being detected in a criminal intercourse with a shoulder of mutton in his master's pantry, he was dismissed the service with ignominy. Once again on the wide world, London, that grand source of wealth and honor, appeared to him to be his best object. Again therefore, he commenced Peripatetic, and with the occasional help of good-natured return chaise-boys, he arrived safe and sound in the metropolis. His first employment was as an assistant to a baker in Whitechapel, where he was universally beloved for the punctuality with which his rolls were daily dispensed on the first delivery, even of the coldest mornings. Near two years he passed in this occupation, but martial fire inspired him; and he sighed for the glories of war. With this feeling, he most gallantly eloped from his good friend the baker, and enlisted

into a regiment of heavy dragoons, then quartered at Canterbury. Here he first found himself in the military costume. It would be tiresome and unnecessary to dwell upon the three or four years of his noviciate as a soldier, nor is it material to accompany him through the various gradations of private, corporal, serjeant, and quarter-master: it is sufficient to say, that having passed through these *ranks of the army*, he contrived to get acquainted with the kept-mistress of a Lieut. Colonel of ———, through whose means he obtained his first commission in that corps. One circumstance we cannot pass over in silence: his old misfortune, the cravings of his appetite, having induced him to purloin the mess of his comrade, he was tried by a regimental court-martial for the offence, and received two hundred lashes as his reward. A reference to his back, which *still blushes* in recollection of this untoward event, will at once decide this fact.

Here we have our hero in the glorious regiment of ——, where his acquaintance with the "*Member Captain,*" owed its happy origin. Their friendship has been long and mutual: once indeed a fatal misunderstanding had nearly taken place, owing again to his old complaint, his most insatiable appetite. It happened very unfortunately that he was detected by an officer of the corps in receiving an apron-full of table remnants from a cook maid at Brompton, whose scraps from her master's table, he paid for, by sacrificing with her at the altar of Venus. This affair reaching the ear of Colonel, now General O'———, he placed the gallant Colonel in arrest, in which he continued for four days, and then obtained his release, solely because Lord H——— did not chuse to let an officer of his regiment appear before the public in so disgraceful a situation. It was on this occasion, that the "*Member Captain*" and the "*Carnivorous Colonel*" had an unhappy misunderstanding: the former had purchased for him his promotion; to him, therefore, he

owed his rank and its attendant glories. "*The Member*" thought proper to remonstrate with him upon the fatal indulgence of his appetite; "*the Colonel*" replied,—the Member rejoined, and a separation was nearly the consequence: but their mutual knowlege of each other, convinced them of the necessity of compromising their differences, and like their amiable predecessors, Peachum and Lockitt, they embraced, and swore fresh oaths of inviolable friendship.

Since the Member's union with the daughter of *Lindamira*, "*the Colonel*" has another table at which he has occasional access; but their attachment stands but on a fragile basis, for the Colonel was formerly one of the loudest of her enemies, and the Captain's alliance was formed in opposition to his most urgent remonstrances: nor can she forget the anxious zeal with which the colonel was accustomed to propagate the following anecdote. When Colonel Greville first formed the Argyle Institution, *Lindamira* contrived to have her name introduced among the ladies, subscribers, and paid her money accordingly. The committee of ladies, on looking over the list, objected to her, and Colonel Greville was desired to let her know that she could not be admitted. He did so, and returned her the subscription she had paid: she wrote him a most violent and angry letter, insisting upon knowing, how, and in what, she was objectionable. To this Colonel Greville, according to *his own account*, very plainly replied, that he could not explain these matters *to her*, but that he should most willingly give every satisfaction to either *Mr. or Master* —— *!* This he asserts was final—the money was kept, and nothing farther said!

The circumscription of our limits, and the pressure of other interesting matter, oblige us to defer the continuation of this article to our next; when it will be resumed; and the Colonel's fair fame done every justice to.

MISS RAFFLE'S PARTY, OR THE FESTIVITIES AT DOUGLAS HOUSE.

On the fourteenth of February, dedicated from time immemorial to love and festivity, arrived the fifth anniversary of that auspicious day, when the most noble the Marquis of ——— and Miss Polly Raffle exchanged their vows of mutual passion, and their protestations of eternal fidelity. The most masterly and tasteful arrangements had been made beneath the immediate superintendence of the noble Marquis himself, for the due observance of so joyful an occasion. An appropriate statue of his lordship, in the character of Apollo, adorned the grand staircase of the mansion, and a bust of the fair and accomplished hostess, accompanied by the attributes of Diana, was conspicuously prominent amidst several beautiful engravings, commemorative of the Mahratta war, and the discomfiture of the Indian princes by the united policy and valour of two illustrious brothers. The preparations were for some time retarded by the unexpected difficulties that impeded his lordship in his endeavours to raise the necessary supplies: financial operations are too frequently attended by delay: to redeem the plate of a noble family is not so easy as to pledge it: W——— is at an inconvenient distance from the Horse-guards; and it was not till half past six o'clock, that a messenger arrived with the long expected *conveniences*: including besides several articles of more elegance than utility, many dozens of knives and forks, and bank notes to the amount of a neat fifty. Polly received them with rapture, and with unparalleled condescension returned a one pound note to his lordship, informing him that pocket-money might be useful. The company now began to crowd the staircase, and Miss Polly resumed her smiles, and prepared to display her accustomed grace and condescension in the performance

of her duty as mistress of the ceremonies. The first and most welcome of her visitors, was the gallant and accomplished Lord H——, tenderly supporting the timid and trembling footsteps of the agile N——a; to these succeeded a law lord of oratorical celebrity, not less famed for talking in his youth, than in his old age for desperate incontinence. The *lady* who had graciously accepted the offer of his arm, as he rambled through one of the alleys of Soho, appeared in distant perspective to be arrayed in very elegant and becoming attire; but as she approached the fair hostess, her mantle was discovered to be a cloak of red duffel; her pumps though slander itself could not have denied the nicety of their adaptation to the foot of the wearer, exhibited on a nearer view evident indications of the length and fidelity of their services.

> The shoe's black leather battered and decayed,
> Lets in the dirt through chinks that time has made.

Her stockings had once been pure as the chastity of their wearer, but were now as *holy* as the conversation of her seducer. Her bonnet exhibited the dignity of age; her lily neck displayed the whiteness of the purest cerusse, and her cheeks were flushed with all the blooming beauty of red lead. Miss Raffle was absolutely petrified with vexation and astonishment; and as for her attendants,

> Each Miss straight exclaimed while she turned up her snout,
> "Ma'am your cloak isn't fit to be seen;"
> The *beaux* they ran in and the *belles* they ran out,
> And nothing was heard but confusion and rout,
> While the hostess addressed SALLY GREEN.

The war of words was long and loud: the protector of the unfortunate stranger *advocated* her cause with his usual eloquence, and even the M——s ventured to express his sympathy in the fair one's peculiar situation. Such ingratitude was too much for the gentle Polly: in the fury of jealous rage she seized the ci-devant ruler of millions by the forelock, and benighted England might

at the moment in which we are inditing this true and important history, have bewailed the loss of her brightest luminary, had not the damsel of Soho with equal alacrity and courage rescued him from the hands of his exasperated mistress. The attention of Miss Raffle was now diverted from her protector to the "trollop of a visitor." Expert in the mysteries of scratching, and observing the stranger's bonnet to be an effectual protection against her usual mode of attack, she directed all her force against this "capital covering," and by one courageous snatch effected its capture. But scarcely had she accomplished her purpose before she retreated many paces in mute astonishment; thrice did she measure the height of the stranger with her eye, and thrice did she advance towards her with an expression of wonder in her countenance, and of kindness in her attitude. At the fourth approach she sprung into her arms, exclaiming in tones of joyous agony, "Oh! my sister! it is my sister! I know it by her wig!"—Great was the surprize of the spectators, the pleasure of the Marquis, and the exultation of Lord —— at this discovery! The females, recovered from their alarm, crowded round her, to congratulate the fair one on her arrival; but her sister, observing her agitation, reflecting that a few moments would be necessary to restore her to her first composure, and anxious that a "sister of the Douglas clan" should not disgrace the family by mean habiliments, conducted her to her wardrobe, where she was soon attired in all the splendor of a fairy queen.

Among the rest of the company present we observed the Duke of C. and Mrs. Jordan; Lord P—— and Lady A—— W——, Lady A——l and Sir H. D——e, the Duke of S—— and Mrs. B——, with a great variety of other fashionables. The festivities of the evening were such as magnificence alone inspired by taste, could have exhibited. The meats, the jellys, and the wines were universally admired: the wit of the fair hostess was the general theme of wonder and delight: her sister astonished the circle

by the splendor of her beauty; and the noble host intermingled the most engaging courtesies to his guests, with the most obsequious attention to his mistress. Among the favourite tunes, were "the Black Joke;" "A fig for the parson, cries Paddy O'Lea;" "Though mortals may prate about wedlock and stuff;" "The Self," and "the Dandy O."—So numerous, however, and so various were the modes of entertainment, that we must reluctantly confine ourselves to the description of an amusement which was not less productive of wit and entertainment, than appropriate to this auspicious anniversary. The amusement to which we allude was the composition of valentines, a species of production in which the subjoined specimens will prove that many of the fair and noble assemblage were destined by nature to arrive at unusual excellence.

THE HON. MR. D. TO HIS LOVE.

My dearest love, I've got such things to say,
You'll scarce believe---why Lord its shocking!
Half the club has run away,
All on account of Mr. Scourge's mocking;
It is I'm sure a deuced pity,
D——e b I'm half distracted!
Such a business ne'er was acted
In this great, great, great, great city:
Why sure you do not think I tell a flam,
D——me, the club's no longer worth a d——n:
And what is worse, they've all forgot to pay,
So dearest I must run away;
Or sure as I am here,
They'll come upon me for the bills last year,
And then by ——
Your Billy goes to quod,
And will be forced to put a long lean phiz on
Within the King's Bench prison.
It's b——d vexing, and I'd sooner hang up,
Than pay a guinea for a brother Bang-up.

I'm h——hly inclined to cut my throat,
But if I die
No friendly eye,
Will curry May-pole, or rub down Tom Tit;
My bay-off horse besides has got the glanders,
And now is under cure with Tommy Sanders;
And sure it would be monstrous cruel
To leave the poor dear jewel
Without a master to look after it.
Besides, my darling, what becomes of you,
If your true lover kicks the bucket?
For oh, my lovely dearest Prue,
I cannot leave by will a single ducat;
And what is worse than all I've got a wife,
And she and sister Bab might take to crying,
If husband were to take away his life:
So just at present I'll not think of dying.
Not that I care a farthing for the pain,
As I will prove in any court of justice:—
So what the use, can any one explain,
I'd like to know, in kicking up a dust is.
And as for *bums*, why Lord! its all my eye
And Betty Martin, I wont pay, not I;
But, sweetest dear, and dearest sweet,
I will keep you in the Fleet,
Or if my darling loves the Bench,
She there shall live as gay as Tommy's wench;
For d——n me if a girl so fine,
Shall want a jolly Valentine.

THE MARQUIS TO MISS POLLY RAFFLE.

As when the obedient band sonorous sound
The clarion hoarse, and touch the warbling fife;
The mingled music breathes delight around,
And sooths the languor of an Indian life:

So sweet, so soothing flow the accents sweet,
From Polly's fragrant lips and youthful tongue,
Then why with oaths and curses so replete
Does Poll receive her swain; as cruel as she's young?

'Twas but the other day, that from the *house*
I urged my amorous way, of rapture full,
Crept up the stair-case, softly as a mouse,
And heard her cry, *I'll break the rascal's scull!*
Trembling, I entered; she with rage received me;
And swore " by hell" 'twas more than half-past three:
Exclaimed," you villain oft you've thus deceived me,"
And drenched me with a scalding cup of tea.

Pure as the eastern sky her lily hands,
And white her fingers as the precious Ghee;
But were they yellower than Golcondo's sands,
Sweeter their *colour* than their *weight* to me!
For oh! how often round the room she knocks me,
How often on the carpet lays me sprawling,
And spite of cries, about the ears doth box me:
Unkind unkind return for all my caterwauling!

Light are her nimble feet, her ancles taper,
And oh! her legs what eye but mine has seen them!
But still since she can kick as well as caper,
Less safe I am *before them* than *between them.*
Yet as no longer kicks inflict disgrace,
I'll not attempt to put restrictions on her,
A Prince may kick a Marquis out of place,
And to a *quean* I'll yield my *seat of honor*!

A ROYAL IMITATION.

Cl———

Of all the fair damsels that flaunt in the Park,
Or in tandem or curricle shew off;
Not a sweeter than *Long* I've been able to mark,
Nor a heiress so rich do I know of.

J——

I've toyed, and I've prattled with fifty bold men,
And doom'd to despair fifty more;
But O---the Narcissus of three-score and ten,
Is the swain whom alone I adore.

Cl——

Tho' Tilney's not much of a wit, nor her face
Adorned by the bloom of D——n's rosy belle,
Gaily sparkles her wealth, and if rubies dont grace
Her cheeks, they embellish her casket, as well.

J——

Tho' my lover be wrinkled, and crooked, and grim,
And the rheum from his eyelids in driblets distill,
Yet the oaks on his grounds are still older than him
And a fig for his *powers,* if I have the WILL!

Cl——

Since Tilney's hard heart is so flinty and stoney,
I'll resign her---because I'm unable to win her;
And if J—— should deign to forgive her old crony,
On his knees he will thank her---a sorrowful sinner!

J——

I'll consent if from W—— in requisite splendor,
To see my sweet daughters the *ladies* may come;
If when Polly falls sick, brother K—— will attend her,
And the servants at B----y be *under my thumb.*

Cl——

'Tis granted; your children at all public places,
Shall out-elbow the virgins and laugh at the matrons;
At the offspring of virtue, your sons make wry faces
The bishops their friends, and the princes their patrons!

THE REVIEWER.---No. IX.

Salmagundi; or the Whim Whams and Opinions of Lancelot Langstaff, Esquire, and others.

Reprinted from the American Edition, with an introductory Essay, and explanatory Notes, by John Lambert. London. Richardson, Cornhill, 2 vols. 12mo.

THE present is the only collection of American essays that we have read without feelings of surprise at their tameness, or disgust at their vulgarity. Grossness is the peculiar characteristic of American wit, and insipidity the usual accompaniment of transatlantic elegance. When an essayist of the new world is told that his diction is coarse, and his stile ungraceful, he endeavours to improve it by the repression of those very exuberances that alone contributed to his excellence, and by which exclusively his productions were rendered worthy the trouble of correction. The great body, therefore, of Mr. Langstaff's brethren may be divided into the two distinct classes of the dull and the vulgar; of those who are too stupid to be read by the community, and those who cannot be read by the critic without exciting less pleasure than disgust.

That Mr. Lambert's opinions of American literature are more favorable than ours, will appear from the subjoined explanation of his sentiments. His introductory essay, indeed, is devoted to a favorable delineation of the moral and political character of the Americans, and to the obviation of those prejudices which he supposes to prevail against them among his countrymen. He has conducted the discussion with great temper and ingenuity, and if the reader do not rise from its perusal with a firm conviction that the Americans are a great, and virtuous, and happy people, it will not be owing to the deficiencies of their advocate.

To the Editor of the SCOURGE.

SIR, *London*, 13*th Feb.* 1812.

MY attention was particularly directed in the last number of the SCOURGE, to your observations on American poetry; which though in some respects different from my own sentiments on the subject, I was, yet, much gratified to find in such a publication. When I first heard of your work, I was apprehensive that its pages would be too much occupied in exposing the vices and frivolities of society, to admit of any grave and serious discussions on the manners, customs and literature of the age: but I must confess that I have been very agreeably disappointed in the perusal of several essays, which have afforded me as much solid satisfaction, as the lighter parts have entertainment. The blending of the serious with the gay, is, I think, the most likely mode of pleasing the various tastes of your readers—at the same time that it contributes to the estimation of the work, in the minds of those, who are too apt to regard the mere effusions of satire, as the offspring of malevolence.

Having visited the United States, and paid considerable attention to the character of the American people, I perused your observations on the poetry of that country with much pleasure, particularly as the manners and literature of the people in that quarter of the globe, are so seldom discussed in the periodical works of this country. I agree in many of your reasons for believing that a soil so barren of all those delusive charms, and witcheries of fable, which constitute the soul of poetry, is by no means favourable to American genius. But I cannot think the actual contemplation of the "pomp of courts"—and "the pride and circumstance of war," however it may contribute to the imagination, is at all an indispensable requisite of the poet. How many of our best poets never partook of the splendour of a palace—the fatigues of a campaign—or the horrors of a battle—otherwise than through the medium of books?—and how many never contemplated the venerable remains of ancient grandeur—otherwise than through the medium of

the prints which covered the walls of their prisons? Yet these men have produced inimitable productions!—I will not say, that if they had lived in America, it is likely they would have written so successfully, or even at all; as it is probable their minds would have been wholly occupied in providing a maintenance for themselves and families. In that country they could not have lived on the precarious bounty of rich and noble patrons; and of course could not have followed that idle and dissipated life so prevalent with men of genius. Necessity would have compelled them to follow the plough, rather than the muses! The same powerful motive influences the Americans now, and will continue so to do for years to come.

For this reason, therefore, I am of opinion that the paucity of transatlantic literature is not so much occasioned by a dearth of those romantic and chivalrous objects of the imagination, which abound in the old countries of Europe and Asia—as owing to the peculiar state of American society, which has not yet approached that crisis, when a considerable portion of the community is fostered by the patronage of the affluent; and when the man of genius and talent, can contrive to dine upon the produce of his literary efforts.

Your arguments, Sir, are, however, more forcible in their application to the poetry of America, than to any other branch of its literature. The subject of a poem, at least of the epic kind, requires to be surrounded with that species of romantic scenery and action, which can only be drawn from distant ages, and from countries remarkable for the antiquity of their origin, and the obscurity of their annals—whereas, works in prose are more generally constructed upon matters of fact, or upon the events of modern times. The requisites, therefore, for a good American poet, are not always necessary to the prose writer: and the latter, if blest with sufficient genius, may equal, and even surpass the most celebrated writers of the old world.

I do not by this, mean to imply that such is the case at present, or even that it is likely to happen for ages to come; but merely that it is not impossible.—As some proof, in justification of my opinion of the literary talent of America, and as a kind of conciliatory shake of the hand, from your brother *satirists* in that country---I have accompanied this letter with a copy of an ingenious little production, entitled *Salmagundi.* It is considered by all who have perused it, as possessing considerable merit. Some trifling errors are apparent; yet considering the peculiarities of the nation from whence it has sprung, I am surprised there are so few. If you have not met with the work before, it will, I think, afford you no mean idea of the native talent of the Americans; and enable you to judge whether their soil is more congenial to prose writing than to poetry.

I am, Sir,

Your very obedient servant,

JOHN LAMBERT.

The opinions of Launcelot Langstaff are of a character somewhat superior to the compositions of his periodical rivals. His satire is more various and more humorous, and his vulgarity less obtrusive. Yet every page reminds the critic of the shop, or the counting-house; the wit is of a *tradesmanlike order;* and the general character of its style, resembles that which might be expected from a Portsmouth contractor, who should devote the leisure that remained, from his cables and his tar-barrels, to "learning and the muses." Even the very appellations employed to designate the objects of satirical remark, are characteristic of a nation too earnestly occupied in commercial pursuits, to cultivate with labour or solicitude the pursuits of literature. Straddle, Cockloft, and Giblets, are the most memorable of the personages introduced into Mr. Langstaff's lucubra-

tions; and we think that the portrait of the first of those individuals, while it evinces the talents of its author, affords a fair but striking exemplification of the faults that we have attempted to describe.

"Straddle had just arrived in an importation of hardware fresh from the city of Birmingham, or rather as the most learned English would call it, Brummagem, so famous for its manufacturies of gimblets, penknives, and pepper boxes, and where they make buttons and beaux enough to inundate our whole country. He was a young man of considerable standing in the manufactory at Birmingham, sometimes had the honor to hand his master's daughters into a tim whisky, was the oracle of the tavern he frequented on Sundays, and could beat all his associates if you would take his word for it in boxing, beer drinking, jumping over chairs, and imitating cats in a gutter and opera singers. Straddle was moreover a member of a catch club, and was a great hand at ringing bob-majors; he was of course a complete connoisseur in music, and entitled to assume that character at all performances in the art. He was likewise a member of a spouting club, had seen a company of strolling actors perform in a barn, and had even, like Abel Drugger, "enacted" the part of Major Sturgeon with considerable applause; he was consequently a profound critic, and fully authorized to turn up his nose at any American performances. He had twice partaken of annual dinners given by the head manufacturers of Birmingham, where he had the good fortune to get a taste of turbot and turtle, and a smack of champagne and burgundy, and he had heard a vast deal of the roast beef of old England; he was therefore epicure enough to condemn every dish and every glass of wine he had tasted in America, though at the same time he was as voracious an animal as ever crossed the Atlantic. Straddle had been splashed half a dozen times by the carriages of nobility, and had once the superlative felicity of being kicked out of doors by the footman of a

noble duke—he could, therefore, talk of nobility, and despise the untitled plebeians of America. In short, Straddle was one of those dapper, bustling, florid, round, self important '*gemmen*' who bounce upon us half beau, half button-maker,—undertake to give us the polish of the *bon-ton*, and endeavour to inspire us with a proper and dignified contempt of our native country.

" It is certain that he kept his tailor and shoemaker constantly employed for a month before his departure, equipped himself with a smart crooked stick, about eighteen inches long, a pair of breeches of most unheard-of length, a little short pair of Hoby's white topped boots, that seemed to stand on tiptoe to reach his breeches, and his hat had the true transatlantic declination towards his right ear. The fact was, nor did he make any secret of it, he was determined to " astonish the natives a few."

" Straddle was not a little disappointed, on his arrival, to find the Americans were rather more civilized than he had imagined—he was suffered to walk to his lodgings unmolested by a crowd, and even unnoticed by a single individual.—No love-letters came pouring in upon him, no rivals lay in wait to assassinate him; his very dress excited no attention, for there were many fools dressed equally ridiculously with himself. This was mortifying indeed to an aspiring youth who had come out with the idea of astonishing and captivating. He was equally unfortunate in his pretensions to the character of critic, connoisseur, and boxer: he condemned our whole dramatic corps, and every thing appertaining to the theatre; but his critical abilities were ridiculed; he found fault with old Cockloft's dinner, not even sparing his wine, and was never invited to the house afterwards. He scoured the streets at night, and was cudgelled by a sturdy watchman; he hoaxed an honest mechanic, and was soundly kicked: thus disappointed in all his attempts at notoriety, Straddle hit on the expedient which was resorted to by the

Giblets——he determined to take the town by storm. He accordingly bought horses and equipages, and made a furious dash at *style in a gig and tandem.*

"Straddle was equally successful with the Giblets as may be supposed, for though pedestrian merit may strive in vain to become fashionable in Gotham, yet a candidate in an equipage is always recognised, and like Philip's ass laden with gold, will gain admittance every where. Mounted in his curricle or his gig, the candidate is like a statue elevated on a high pedestal; his merits are discernible from afar, and strike the dullest optics. O Gotham! Gotham! most enlightened of cities, how does my heart swell with delight when I behold your (thy) sapient inhabitants lavishing their attention with such wonderful discernment.

"Thus Straddle became quite a man of *ton*, and was caressed, and courted, and invited to dinners and balls. Whatever was absurd or ridiculous in him before, was now declared to be the style. He criticised our theatres and was listened to with reverence. He pronounced our musical entertainments barbarous, and the judgment of Apollo himself would not have been more decisive. He abused our dinners, and the god of eating, if there be any such deity, seemed to speak through his organs. He became at once a man of taste, for he put his malediction on every thing. And his arguments were conclusive, because he supported every assertion with a bet. He was likewise pronounced by the learned of the fashionable world, a young man of deep research and deep observation, for he had sent home as natural curiosities an ear of Indian corn, a pair of moccassons, a belt of wampum, and a four-leaved clover. He had taken great pains to enrich this curious collection with an Indian and a *cataract*, but without success. In fine the people talked of Straddle and his equipage, and Straddle talked of his horses, until it was impossible for the most critical observer to pronounce whether Straddle or his horses were most admired, or whether Straddle admired himself or

his horses most. Straddle was now in the zenith of his glory. He swaggered about parlours and drawing rooms with the same unceremonious conduct he used to display in the taverns of Birmingham. He accosted a lady as he would a bar-maid; and this was pronounced a certain proof that he had been used to better company in Birmingham. He became the great man of all the taverns between New York and Haerlem; and no one stood a chance of being accommodated until Straddle and his horses were perfectly satisfied. He bullied the landlords and waiters with the best air in the world, and accosted them with true gentlemanly familiarity. He staggered from the dinner-table to the play, entered the box like a tempest, and staid long enough to be bored to death, and to bore all those who had the misfortune to be near him. From thence he dashed off to a ball, time enough to flounder through a cotillion, tear half a dozen gowns, commit a number of other depredations, and make the whole company sensible of his infinite condescension in coming amongst them. The people of Gotham thought him a prodigious fine fellow: the young bucks cultivated his acquaintance with the most persevering assiduity, and his retainers were sometimes complimented with a seat in his curricle, or a ride on one of his fine horses. The belles were delighted with the attentions of such a fashionable gentleman, and struck with astonishment at his fashionable distinctions between *wrought scissars* and those of *cast steel*, together with his profound dissertations on buttons and horse-flesh. The rich merchants courted his acquaintance because he was an *Englishman*, and their wives treated him with great deference, because he had come beyond seas. I cannot help here observing that salt water is a marvellous great sharpener of men's wits, and I intend to recommend it to some of my *acquaintance* in a particular essay."

The career of Straddle terminates by his "*going smash*" into the limits (*rules*) of a prison.

As we understand that Mr. Langstaff's productions are

very highly valued by his countrymen themselves, for the correctness with which he delineates their national manners, there can be no injustice in forming our opinion of the state of American society from his account of Mr. Straddle. It gives us a view of transatlantic refinement as unexpected as unpleasing, to be told, that a *Brummagem* traveller, a fellow who amused the tea-table by dissertations on the manufacture of scissars, a connoisseur in "gimblets and pen-knives," should obtain by simply assuming the airs of a tavern bully, admission to the circles of "fashionable" society. Nor does it convey a very exalted idea of the decorum or elegance of their public assemblies, that a vulgar and boisterous coxcomb, with the language and manners of a menial, should be entitled by the mere sporting of an equipage, to "tear half a dozen gowns of the American *belles*," not merely with impunity, but with the humble admiration of "the young bucks" of "Gotham." In England, a character like Straddle, would only obtain by his "smashes" the reputation of a swindler, or by his indecorum the castigation that is due to vulgar and impertinent obtrusion.

The poems of Anacreon Moore appear to have obtained as extensive a circulation among the virgins of New York, as among the daughters of our English gentry.

"I hate the loose insidious jest,
To beauty's modest ear addrest,
And hold that frowns should never fail,
To check each smooth but fulsome tale.
But he whose impious pen should dare
Invade the morals of the fair;
To taint that purity divine,
Which should each female heart enshrine:
Though soft his vicious strains should swell,
As those which erst from Gabriel fell;
Should yet be held aloft from shame,
And foul dishonour shade his name.

Judge then, my friends, of my surprise,
The ire that kindled in my eyes,
When I relate that t'other day,
I went a morning call to pay,
On two young nieces just come down,
To take the polish of the town;
By which I mean no more nor less,
Than *à la française* to undress
To whirl the modest Waltz's rounds,
Taught by Dupont for snug ten pounds;
To thump and thunder thro' a song,
Play *fortes* soft and *dolces* long;
Exhibit loud *piano* feats,
Caught from that crotchet hero Meetz;
To drive the rose-bloom from the face,
And fix the lily in its place;
To doff the white, and in its stead
To bounce about in brazen red.
While in the parlor I delayed
Till they their persons had arrayed,
A dapper volume caught my eye,
That on the window chanced to lie.
A book's a friend---I always chuse
To turn its pages and peruse;
It prov'd those poems, known to fame
For praising every Cyprian dame,---
The bantlings of a dapper youth,
Renowned for *gratitude* and *truth;*
A little poet hight TOMMY MOORE,
Who hopped and skipped our country o'er;
Who supped on tea and lived on sops,
Revelled on syllabubs and slops.
And when his brain of cobweb fine,
Was *fuddled with five drops* of wine,
Would all his puny loves rehearse,
And many a maid debauch in verse.
Surprized to meet in open view,
A book of such lascivious hue,

I chid my nieces ; but they say,
'Tis all the passion of the day ;
That many a fashionable *belle*
Will with enraptured accents dwell
On the sweet *morceaux* she has found,
In this delicious cursed compound.

It is evident from the preceding verses, that the Americans are not more successful in the cultivation of satirical than of didactic or descriptive poetry. The metrical compositions of Mr. Langstaff are inferior to the magazine poetry of their parent nation ; and the good sense by which his writings are distinguished, never appears under a less pleasing form than when encumbered by the shackles of an imperfect metre, or when the plain and simple accents of truth are lost in the jingle of Hudibrastic rhyme.

THE POLITICAL OBSERVER, No. VIII.

Correspondence between the Prince Regent, and the Duke of York.

To H. R. H. the Duke of York.

MY DEAREST BROTHER,

As the restrictions on the exercise of the royal authority will shortly expire, when I must make my arrangements for the future administration of the powers with which I am invested; I think it right to communicate those sentiments, which I was withheld from expressing at an earlier period of the session, by my warmest desire that the expected motion on the affairs of Ireland might undergo the deliberate discussion of parliament unmixed with any other consideration.

I think it hardly necessary to call your recollection to the recent circumstances under which I assumed the authority delegated to me by parliament. My sense of

duty to our royal father solely decided that choice, and every private feeling gave way to considerations, which admitted of no doubt or hesitation. I trust I acted, in that respect, as the genuine representative of the august person, whose functions I was appointed to discharge; and I have the satisfaction of knowing, that such was the opinion of persons, for whose judgment and honorable feelings I entertain the highest respect in various instances. When the law of last session left me at full liberty, I waved, as you well know, any personal gratification in order that his majesty might resume, on his restoration to health, every power and prerogative belonging to his crown. I certainly am the last person in the kingdom to whom it can be admitted to despair of our royal father's recovery. A new era is now arrived, and I cannot but reflect with satisfaction on the events which have distinguished the short period of my restricted regency. Instead of suffering in the loss of her possessions by the gigantic force which has been employed against them, Great Britain has added most important acquisitions to her empire. The national faith has been preserved inviolable towards our allies, and if character is strength as applied to a nation, the increased and increasing reputation of his majesty's arms, will shew to the nations of the continent how much they may atchieve, when animated by a glorious spirit of resistance to a foreign yoke. In the critical situation of the war in the Peninsula, I shall be most anxious to avoid any measure which can lead my allies to suppose that I mean to depart from the present system. Perseverance alone can atchieve the great object in question, and I cannot withhold my approbation from those who have honorably distinguished themselves in support of it. I have no predilections to indulge, no resentments to gratify; no objects to attain, but such as are common to the whole empire. If such is the leading principle of my conduct, and I can appeal to the past as evidence of what the future will be, I flatter myself that I shall meet with the support of parliament, and of a can-

did and enlightened nation. Having made this communication of my sentiments in this new and extraordinary crisis of our affairs, I cannot conclude without expressing the gratification I should feel, if some of those persons with whom the early habits of my public life were formed, would strengthen my hands and constitute a part of my government. With such support, and aided by a vigorous and enlightened administration, formed on the most liberal basis, I shall look with additional confidence to a prosperous issue of the most arduous contest in which Great Britain was ever engaged. You are authorised to communicate these sentiments to Lord Grey, who I have no doubt will make them known to Lord Grenville.

I am always, my dearest Frederic,
Your ever affectionate brother,
(Signed) GEORGE, P. R.

Carlton-House, February 13th, 1812.

P. S. I shall send a copy of this letter immediately to Mr. Perceval.

To H. R. H. the Duke of York.
February 15, 1812.

SIR,

We beg leave most humbly to express to your Royal Highness our dutiful acknowledgments for the gracious and condescending manner in which you have had the goodness to communicate to us the letter of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, on the subject of the arrangements to be now made for the future administration of the public affairs; and we take the liberty of availing ourselves of your gracious permission, to address to your Royal Highness in this form what has occurred to us in consequence of that communication. The Prince Regent, after expressing to your Royal Highness in that letter, his sentiments on various public matters, has, in the concluding paragraph, condescended to intimate his wish that some of those persons with whom the early

habits of his public life were formed, would strengthen his Royal Highness's hands, and constitute a part of his government: and his Royal Highness is pleased to add that with such support, aided by a vigorous and united administration, formed on the most liberal basis, he would look with additional confidence to a prosperous issue of the most arduous contest in which Great Britain has ever been engaged. On the other parts of his Royal Highness's letter we do not presume to offer any observations; but in the concluding paragraph, in so far as we may venture to suppose ourselves included in the gracious wish which it expresses, we owe it, in obedience and duty to his Royal Highness, to explain ourselves with frankness and sincerity. We beg leave most earnestly to assure his Royal Highness, that no sacrifices, except those of honour and duty, could appear to us too great to be made, for the purpose of healing the divisions of our country, and uniting both its government and its people. All personal exclusion we entirely disclaim: we rest on public measures; and it is on this ground alone that we must express, without reserve, the impossibility of our uniting with the present government. Our differences of opinion are too many and too important to admit of such an union. His Royal Highness will, we are confident, do us the justice to remember, that we have twice already acted on this impression; in 1809, on the proposition then made to us under his majesty's authority; and last year, when his Royal Highness was pleased to require our advice respecting the formation of a new government. The reasons which we then humbly submitted to him are strengthened by the increasing dangers of the times: nor has there, down to this moment, appeared even any approximation towards such an agreement of opinion on the public interests, as can alone form a basis for the honorable union of parties previously opposed to each other. Into the detail of those differences we are unwilling to enter; they embrace almost all the leading fea-

tures of the present policy of the empire; but his Royal Highness has, himself, been pleased to advert to the late deliberations of parliament on the affairs of Ireland. This is a subject, above all others, important in itself, and connected with the most pressing dangers. Far from concurring in the sentiments which his majesty's ministers have, on that occasion so recently expressed, we entertain opinions directly opposite; we are firmly persuaded of the necessity of a total change in the present system of that country, and of the immediate repeal of those civil disabilities under which so large a portion of his majesty's subjects still labour on account of their religious opinions. To recommend to parliament this repeal, is the first advice which it would be our duty to offer to His Royal Highness, could we, even for the shortest time, make ourselves responsible for any farther delay in the prospect of a measure, without which we could entertain no hope of rendering ourselves useful to His Royal Highness, or to the country. We have only further to beg your Royal Highness to lay before his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, the expression of our humble duty, and the sincere and respectful assurance of our earnest wishes for whatever may best promote the ease, honour, and advantage of his Royal Highness's government, and the success of his endeavours for the public welfare. We have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) "GREY.

"GRENVILLE."

It will appear from the preceding correspondence that the conduct of the Prince Regent, whatever may be thought of its wisdom or expedience, has been precisely that which in our repeated strictures* on the language of the opposition journalists, we ventured to anticipate. The

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* See more particularly No. VII. Art. 1, in which we anticipated the change that has taken place in the views of the Prince Regent.

chief magistrate of the nation is evidently a convert to the Pittites on every subject of vital importance to the interests of the state. He has declared his intention to persevere in the war of the Peninsula, and we shall endeavour to prove in the course of our observations that his opinions on the catholic question are decidedly hostile to the claims of that large proportion of the community which has looked up to his accession with the warmest feelings of anticipated gratitude.

That such would be the bias of his opinions on his elevation to unrestricted power we ventured to foretel without any reference to their justice or expedience. No ground of prophecy respecting the intentions of a monarch can be more fallacious than his declarations as a prince. The political opinions of the Regent's friends, are of a nature to captivate the fancy and awaken the enthusiasm of a youthful and ardent mind, unvitiated by intrigue,and naturally predisposed to the reception of pleasing visions of futurity. The doctrines of universal toleration, and the principles of unrestricted liberty were peculiarly acceptable to a Prince of Wales,who had some right to consider himself as a martyr to the rigid and cautious policy of his father. But he has now attained a period of life at which the generous passions have subsided into quiescence, and when the first motive of action is convenience. His very acquaintance with the fundamental principles of the Lambes and the Moiras must have taught him how little they are congenial to the habits of a court, and how little their diffusion must contribute to the gratification of a sovereign. It is natural and consistent with rational expectation, that the chief magistrate of a great nation should be most firmly attached to that party of which the principles are most decidedly hostile to the encroachments of the people. A ministry that pledges itself to the support of whatever is established, who deem it a preliminary objection to any measure, however inconsistent with justice or expedience, that it encroaches on the prerogatives of the crown, and who shudder at the slightest progress

towards the most necessary reform, must be on the general principles of moral deduction, and without any reference to personal character, the favoured and confidential servants of a limited monarch.

It may be asserted indeed that the aristocracy of the Grenvilles has never been disputed, and that their reverence for hereditary honors, and the *hauteur* of exalted birth, are not less visible in their political measures than their personal habits. But the pride of the Grenvilles has too much of the *baronial* character: its reference to the immediate fountain of hereditary honor, is less conspicuous than its independent and inherent dignity; and the principles in which alone they could act with the appearance of consistency, have been too plainly relaxed by their necessary intercourse with the "lower Foxites" under the guidance of Mr. Sheridan.

It was to be presumed, therefore, *à priori*, that the Prince of Wales, as soon as he should enter on the unrestricted exercise of the royal authority, would consult his own gratification as a monarch, by the retention of the present ministers in office. But whatever predisposition he might feel towards this line of conduct, would be animated and confirmed, by the advantages arising to the sovereign from their peculiar system of foreign policy. The influence of the crown must be augmented or diminished in proportion as we augment or diminish our relations with foreign states, and our preparations for foreign warfare. Fraternal attachment may be supposed to have some influence on the Regent; and it is impossible not to perceive how much the power and the reputation of the Duke of York have risen above their ordinary level, since we first engaged in the defence of the Peninsula.

The amount of the patronage exercised by the crown, in the appointments to the commissariat, in the selection of persons to fill the more important departments connected with our military arrangements, and in the grant of titular or pecuniary reward to the officers who dis-

tinguish themselves by the bravery, or to the negociators who fulfil to the satisfaction of their royal master the instructions with which they are honored, is beyond all estimate; and not only this extensive addition to the influence of the crown, but all that might arise from the continuance of our relations with Sicily, or the formation of future continental alliances, would be abstracted from its possession, by the admission of Lord Grey and his party into the Regent's councils.

We do not mean by these observations to insinuate, that the war of the Peninsula would not have been persisted in by the Prince Regent, on the ground of its expedience. We have always endeavoured to defend our first cooperation with the Spaniards; and even were we now to admit the original impolicy of the war, it would be impossible to retreat with honor or safety. Were our troops to be withdrawn from the Peninsula at the present moment, we should never regain our natural rank among the nations of Europe. We have stimulated Spain to perseverance in the contest: confiding in our assurances of protection, she has defied the power, and exasperated the malignant passions of her invader; and who but a political poltroon would advise his sovereign to desert her cause, and to bring irretrievable disgrace on the English character, by the violation of the most sacred engagements, and by the sacrifice of a brave and generous nation to that power which we taught them to defy, and that revenge which our own provocations have contributed to excite?

The country is too well acquainted with the Grenvilles, to believe that their opposition to the war of the Peninsula has proceeded from any motive of purer patriotism than the hope of distressing its projectors. In their observations on our foreign policy, and on the conduct of Lord Wellington, the whig-leaders have neither been consistent with themselves nor with each other; they derided and traduced Lord Wellington, till they were taught by the expression of the public sentiment,

that they carried their hypocrisy too far; they are now content to dwell on the distinction between the measures pursued, and the means employed to carry them into execution; a distinction just in itself, but which they chose not to perceive, till Lord Wellington's fame had soared above the reach of party detraction. The editor of the Morning Chronicle forgetting all the sneers and inuendos in which he so eagerly indulged till the beginning of the last campaign, is now too happy if his readers will give him credit for the uniformity with which he has confessed, and the enthusiasm with which he has admired, our commander's merits. On recurring to the speeches of the opposition members, and the comments of their literary partizans, it is impossible not to perceive that if the ministers had not engaged in the defence of the Peninsula, they would have been as much abused by their opponents for inaction, as they are now censured for their profusion and temerity. The charge of imbecility would have been re-echoed from one part of the kingdom to another: Lord Temple would have declaimed on the madness of losing the only opportunity that providence had thrown in our way of contributing to the recovery of European independence: Mr. Whitbread would have called for the vengeance of the country upon men who could leave a brave, generous, and patriotic people to contend, unaided, in unequal contest against the invasion of a foreign tyrant; and the Edinburgh Reviewers, "humbly submitting themselves to the lords and gentlemen in parliament assembled," would have "ventured to hint a doubt" whether France might not be more effectually attacked through the intervention of Spain, than by the capture of an Indian spice island. Where ministers must be censured, any side of a question may be assumed as the right one; of the old topics of attack, some were too hacknied for repetition, and others could not be employed without inconvenience to themselves. Moderate reform was a very useful subject of declamation, but it was difficult to use it in debate

without affording some ground of advantage or exultation to the Burdettites: the catholic question had been so frequently debated that the ministers were ready at reply, and the people weary of its discussion; and no temporary subject could be found of so much abstract importance, or implying so heavy and immediate a responsibility on the part of ministers, as the war in the Peninsula.

But whatever might be the real sentiments of the leaders of opposition on this important subject, the Prince could only judge of the system they might pursue, in case of their accession to power, by their previous declarations: to call them to the undivided possession of the cabinet, would have been therefore to relinquish a policy to which we have shewn that his situation must have rendered him partial, and which he declares to be conformable to his feelings of honor and expedience. But he had just reason to expect that he should be able to form an administration which while it should not abandon the cause of the Peninsula, would be collectively more favorably disposed towards the catholics of Ireland, and less decidedly hostile to the Americans, than the cabinet as it was composed at the moment of his accession to unrestricted power. An understanding among the members of a ministry chosen from opposite parties is neither unusual nor unnatural. Something might have been yielded and something obtained, on both sides. If the leaders of two great parties must never coalesce, the nation must always be hurried to extremes. The wise and virtuous principles of one party can never be acted upon without equal perseverance in the furtherance of injustice and impolicy; every change of policy consequent on a change of ministry must be radical; the good must be overturned with the bad; and on the dismissal of Mr. Perceval and his friends, the opposition could not emancipate the Irish catholics, without recalling the orders in council, and withdrawing our troops from the Peninsula. Suppose for a moment that one of these measures might be

foolish, and the rest judicious, what is the policy or plausibility of a system of government that subjects the Prince Regent to the necessity of chusing a cabinet that if it does one right action, must commit two wrong ones? If the Prince Regent is unable out of all the parties of which the two houses are composed, to form an administration, that shall judge of every measure by no other criterion than its justice and expedience, what have we to hope from the talents or virtues of the sovereign?

After having retained the servants of his father, because the war of the Peninsula could not be conducted without them, it may at first sight appear that the Prince was compelled to sacrifice, what in his opinion might appear a lesser object to a greater; and that the expression of his sentiments in favor of the catholic claims, is only deferred to a more propitious opportunity. But the language of his communication to Lord Grey, excludes the possibility of this conjecture; by leaving the question on the state of Ireland to be debated and determind, without his interference, to what higher praise can he aspire, than that of having left the house of commons at the mercy of Mr. Perceval? His Royal Highness must have known that the ministers would, independently of the justice of their cause, obtain a majority; and if he felt any sympathy, therefore, in thesufferings of the catholics, he would have thrown at least so much of his personal influence into the favorable scale, as to outweigh the undue weight of ministerial ascendancy. But it is superfluous to draw any conclusions from the language of the Prince, when it is in our power to judge of his future policy by his political acts. The return of Lord Castlereagh to the secretaryship of war, is a virtual declaration of hostility towards the claims of the catholics: whether the refusal of those claims be an injury, is a question on which the country will always be divided; but that the recall of such a man to the councils of the sovereign, is not only a declaration of unchangeable opposition to those claims on the part of the Regent, but a gross and

gratuitous insult to the nation at large, and the catholics in particular, who but his lordship himself, would have the folly to deny? Whatever sorrow and astonishment may be felt by the Irish catholics, at the disappointment of those hopes that they had so long and so warmly cherished of the decisive interference of the heir apparent in the prosecution of their claims, must be aggravated to a dangerous degree, by the immediate restoration to the cabinet of an individual, as inveterately hostile to their efforts, and so universally *distrusted* (to use no *libellous term*) by every rank and description of society, whatever may be their political bias, or their religious persuasion. It is indeed a bitter satire on the public men of this country, that out of the ministerial party, no other person could be found to fulfil the duties of the secretary at war, than an individual who of all others had proved himself to be incompetent to the office, whose incapacity had already wasted our resources, sacrificed many thousands of our troops, and rendered us the scorn and the opprobrium of Europe. What conclusion can even the most ardent admirers of a great personage deduce from the recal of such a man to power, but that the future acts of *his ministry* will be marked by the same indifference to the opinion of the nation; that impotence, vanity, and deceit, will continue to flourish beneath the sway of the idol of the people; and that beneath the auspices of Mr. Perceval, no wickedness shall be so enormous, nor any incapacity so evident, as to exclude its possessor from exercising the functions of an office immediately connected with the prosperity and safety of the empire?

And if the appointment of Lord Castlereagh to the responsible situation of secretary at war, be expedient, on the part of the Regent's ministers, what can be thought of his lordship's acquiescence? To brave the scorn and indignation of the community, is only possible to him whose energies are fortified by the confidence of virtue, to whom nature has denied the instructive feelings of manhood, whose sensations have been hardened by perpetual

attrition, against every impulse of shame, or whose avarice overpowers every generous and honorable sentiment. If Lord Castlereagh be satisfied with the testimony of his own conscience, we exhort him to commit the grounds of his self-satisfaction to the world; to repress the uneasiness that the report of his reinstatement has excited, and avert the dangers that it may not improbably occasion, are acts of duty to that gracious master whose councils he has been called to enlighten by his wisdom, and whose dominions he is expected to extend and consolidate by his vigor.

It is evident that in the retention of his father's counsellors, the Regent was not prevented from the dismissal of the subordinate and obnoxious officers of state. Sir Samuel Romilly might have been called to succeed the present Attorney-General to the satisfaction of the country, and without any disarrangement in the construction or system of government. The dismissal of Sir Vicary would have been hailed by every class of society, as a pledge on the part of the Regent of his respect for the liberty of the press, and his deference to the opinion of his subjects. It has been said that to deprive the Attorney-General of his present dignity, would be to dismiss a zealous and worthy servant at the command of the multitude. This assertion means nothing more, than that the zeal of a state officer however misapplied or injudicious is deserving of reward, that the feelings of a man in authority are to be of more weight with his sovereign than the liberty of the subject, and that the British public is a clamorous and unthinking rabble. While such a man retains the power of issuing *ex officio* informations, it is impossible to discuss any political question without stopping to calculate at the conclusion of every paragraph, whether it does or does not contain a sentence that may subject its writer to an imprisonment of two years in a distant gaol. That the law of libel is in itself imperfect and unjust, we admit; but till it be amended let its administration be committed to other men than

those who weep over the misfortunes of convicted traitors, while they pursue with unrelenting rigor the *verba ardentia* of the literary advocates of national independence.

While we are decidedly of opinion, therefore, that the Prince Regent by the retention of his present ministers has acted more wisely and more consistent with the interests of the nation than if he had called the opposite party into unconditional power, we cannot but regret most deeply that he should have displayed such early and positive indications of attachment to the obnoxious as well as the beneficial features of their system; that he should have considered the retention of Mr. Perceval and his coadjutors as a pledge for his acquiescence in their wishes with regard to every obnoxious or subordinate department in the state, and for a coincidence in their sentiments on every subject of national importance. We should have thought it possible that without any material interference with the present arrangements, the catholic question might have been left open to further discussion, that some pledges might have been given for the observance of the liberty of the press, and for the abolition of obnoxious sinecures, and that those politicians of the day who had given decided and repeated proofs of incapacity, malignity, and folly, would have been dismissed or excluded from office. But as the case now stands the system of the Pittites is not only triumphant in its general principles, but in its minute details; the most obnoxious creatures of the ministry are suffered to enjoy the fruits of their subservience in undisturbed tranquillity, and the dreams of the sanguine and the hopes of the good, are more distant from fulfilment than when a Bowles stood forth as the champion of his sovereign.

THE TEARS OF SIR VICARY!!!

SIR,

THE sensibility displayed by Sir Vicary Gibbs, before the court of Special Commission, has excited no less surprize among his brethren of the long robe, than among his unprofessional auditors. The tears of an Attorney General are acknowledged by every one to be "exceeding great" curiosities; but the tears of Sir Vicary surpass, in rarity and value, the stream that flowed from the Princess Periwitta, or the gems that adorn the cabinets of the British Museum. The Regent's palace instead of being supported by vulgar Caryatides, may now be embellished with the heads of his Chancellors and Attorney Generals, and the statues of Niobe give place to the bust of a weeping *Gibbs*.

Such is the abstract value of these memorable effusions; but as indications of the moral and intellectual qualities, their claim to confidence or admiration will be more reluctantly admitted. In my professional capacity I have had occasion to observe that among children the most angry, ill-tempered, and malicious little urchins, are most susceptible of lachrymal irritation; and that in adults a propensity towards the indulgence of "tearful" effusions is more frequently the characteristic of nervous irritability, than of sensibility or benevolence. I need not recal to your recollection that many of the most profligate and malignant tyrants of antiquity were remarkable for their expertness at shedding tears; that Agathocles occupied many successive hours in the amusement of crying, and that *Xerxes* proceeding with an army of slaves to overwhelm the liberties of Greece, was moved to tears by the reflection that out of the innumerable legions subservient to his sway, not one survivor would remain to witness the termination of another century. The Duchess of Guise who planned the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and assisted at its execution, was much given to weeping; and Lord Chancellor Jeffries is credibly reported to have been detected more than once in the act of crying.

Reasoning from appearances, therefore, the late exhibition of Sir Vicary afforded no satisfactory evidence of his tenderness or humanity; and we must refer to the general tenor of his conduct, and to other important epochs in his professional career, for the materials of just conclusion. It does not appear that the warmest of his admirers or the most devoted of his friends, suspected him, previous to the appointment of the Special Commission, of harbouring an inconvenient portion of the milk of human kindness. But many subjects are involved in darkness till information brings them to light; and it is no proof of Sir Vicary's insensibility or cruelty, that his friends have not been able to discover in his composition any indication of the contrary qualities. Yet there are occasions, on which forbearance would have done as much credit to Sir Vicary's humanity, as commiseration in the instance before us. I cannot persuade myself, that he has learned to regard every punishment that falls short of death, as too trifling to demand his personal sympathy: that in sending an individual for two or three years to a distant gaol, he believes himself to be performing an act of professional kindness; and would say to the objects of his visitations, if the expression of his sentiments were permitted, "be thankful that you are not brought to the gallows or the scaffold! You may ascribe it to the peculiar mildness of my temper, that you are suffered to languish in a prison!" Yet unless this be the spirit in which he acts, and the feeling by which he is impelled, on what principle can we account for the number and activity of his prosecutions for libel, while he is affected to tears by the condemnation of a traitor? If the persons tried under the authority of the Commission, be worthy of the royal mercy, they will obtain it, the tears of Sir Vicary were perfectly gratuitous; and if they be found not to deserve the Regent's commiseration, it would be difficult to tell in what respect their claim on the sympathy of an Attorney General is more powerful, than that of the unfortunate

individuals who have been drawn from the successful prosecution of their professional pursuits, and sentenced to long and lingering confinement, because in their zeal for the liberties of their country, their prudence was less conspicuous than their enthusiasm.

The tears of the great and eminent, whatever may be the objects that excite them, are always worthy of poetic celebration; and I was about to try my hand at a duet between the crying Attorney General and the weeping Chancellor, when it fortunately occurred to me, that lawyers are very formidable persons, that in the eye of the law eulogy is not clearly distinguishable from libel, and that to satirize the *outs* was much more safe and laudable than to celebrate the *ins*. Lord Grenville's disappointment became the theme of my condolence, and with the aid of Hamilton of Bangor, I have composed a ballad, which may not be entirely unworthy of your notice. I need not point out to you the simple, pathetic, and pastoral effect communicated to the dialogue by the introduction of the Scottish dialect. P. S.

THE OPPOSITION LAMENT.

**Tune* (the *Braes* of Yarrow.)

Perceval. Weep on! weep on! thou haughty peer,
Weep on! weep on! with lamentation;
Weep on! weep on! no more thou'lt see,
The Regent of this gallant nation.

Gr. Oh where gat ye that bonny bonny star;
And where gat ye that ribbon blue?

M——a. I gat it where ye mun ne come near,
Frae the blyth prince for service true.

Perceval. Weep on! weep on! thou flouted loon,
Weep on! weep on! thou gowky doodle!
Or if thou'rt shamed at hame to stay,
Gang eat thy mess wi' Yankey Doodle.

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* See the beautiful ballad beginning "Busk, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride."

Friend. Why does he weep, that portly portly lord,
Why does he weep wi' lamentation?
And why maun he nae mair be seen
Wi' the Regent o' this gallant nation?

Per. Lang maun he weep, lang maun lang maun he weep,
Lang maun he weep wi' dule and sorrow;
For he has tint the Treasury dear,
And Castlereagh returns to-morrow.

Friend. Why look, oh Stow! thy towers so brown,
Why is thy hall so sad so gloomy;
And why such melancholious sounds,
Thro' mansions rich, and light, and roomy?

Gren. Curse ye, oh curse ye that veto veto sad,
The hand that wrought the mournful letter;
The fatal pen that scrawled his name,
I could ha' borne death's warrant better!

Friend. Did I not warn thee, not not to speak,
And warn from talk of toleration?
But rashly bauld, thou would'st gae rave
Of catholic emancipation.

Sweet sweet is power, indeed 'tis sweet,
And tempting tempting the Exchequer,
And nobly flies ambition's steed,
No powerfu' rival nigh to check her.

Is power so sweet? as sweet the peace
Of mind, fra' conscious right arising:
Tempting is wealth? no golden treasure
Compar'd with virtue's worth thy prizing.

Cheer up! cheer up! thou portly portly lord,
Cheer up! cheer up! and eat thy dinner!
Leave the flunky squad to their ain sweet selves,
And pardon gi' to the royal sinner.

Gren. How can I cheer up! a portly portly lord,
Or! how for grief, fa' to my dinner;
Or how, distent wi' muckle wae
Forget, forgive the royal sinner?

The Prince put on his royal royal robes,
His regent's crown and dofft his feather,
Ah! wretched me, I little little kenned,
What storms would follow sunshine weather.

The Prince drove out with his milk-white milk-white steeds,
Unheedful of my dule and sorrow;
And ne'er from Hertford-house return'd,
Till early dawning o' the morrow.

Much I rejoiced that waeful waeful day,
I quoted Horace, *ad Pisonem*;
But lang 'ere night the letter came,
And Grey *in condolationem.*

My happy rivals may be may be proud,
With cruel and ungentle scoffin',
While from my coach the fringe is torn;
And from my wig the bag is doffin'!

Oh, prince unkind, Oh! cruel cruel prince;
How could'st thou tempt me to self-slaughter?
Thou kenn'st if thee I cannot serve,
I wi' not live to serve thy daughter.

But thirty thousand I yearly yearly take
Frae the public purse, and I take care on't;
And I had hoped, O cruel cruel prince,
To hae full fifty thousand mair on't.

Friend. Return, return, Oh! portly portly lord,
The Regent heeds not of thy greeting,
Return up stairs, to thy friends so gay,
And a' thy woes forget in eating.

TO HIS GRACE THE LORD ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

"England expects every man to his duty."

NELSON.

MY LORD,

THESE memorable words were the last orders of the greatest man in his profession that ever graced the annals of British maritime warfare; a man who acted firmly up to the extent of the most capacious ideas, who suffered not any opportunity to escape him; who was not contented with merely directing, but by the vigor of his personal exertions animated the drooping spirits of his friends, and appalled the hearts of the bravest of his enemies. It was true, he might not, at certain times, seem to possess the wisdom of the serpent; his measures were of that truly bold and decisive cast, of which the puny mind of the wary logician has not the least conception; but then, on the other hand, he was never known supinely to watch the augmentation of a torrent for the mere purpose of shewing his adroitness in subterfuge, by an endeavour to stifle its impetus by *lateral incision.*

I offer no apology, my Lord, for thus addressing you. I do believe you to be a wise and virtuous man, and trust I shall deport myself with all due respect for your person, and exalted station, clothing the not unwelcome truths I have to utter in becoming language—further, I have good reasons for supposing, will not be required of me—the soul of a *Vernon* would sicken at the incense of flattery.

The times, my Lord, are portentous; the prospect around us sombre in the extreme; menaced from without by a cold-blooded, calculating, persevering enemy,

an enemy who has not for years back averted his political eye from one stated point; who steadily, as the basilisk, flashes (hitherto impotent) destruction towards us; who estimates our subversion as the key-stone of that arch, which is designed to support the vast unwieldy fabric of his impious usurpations. Wonderful, indeed, has been the success attendant upon the enterprizes of this hitherto seemingly favored mortal! Whether he be an agent in the hand of Providence to drain the vial of its wrath upon the continent of Europe to the very dregs; or whether his unparalleled atchievements arise from taking a more than lynx-eyed view into the springs and dependencies of human actions, is not perhaps easily determined; nevertheless, his gigantic career cannot wisely be viewed with that *affectation of indifference*, which, more than probably, has ill concealed cowardice for its basis. The ever restless activity of his mind, combined with his comparatively inexhaustible resources, must in time, erect a machine of which the ponderosity will excite a sensation somewhat different from *contempt*.

Suffer me, my Lord, from the pinnacle of that venerable edifice, the established Church of England, on which you are so worthily, and I hope propitiously seated, to direct your eyes downward for a moment. View the wild mass of waters rolling round its base—hark how the surges dash the spray, till it even moistens the border of your vestments—the sapped foundation, ever-saturated, regorges the insidious element deeply tinged with its remotest particles.—My Lord!—It shrinks—it totters under you! Heaven shield your lordship, and all good men, from the momentum of such a descending mass! In the pages of the SCOURGE, for January last, I pointed out, by an humble address to the *clergy*, the means most likely to obviate those difficulties with which we are entirely surrounded. Had it fortunately been of any avail, your Lordship would not, in this instance, have been approached by an obscure

unlettered lay-man. But no—either total disregard, or the deepest obloquy have been hurled at its author. I confess I augur a better fate to this appeal to their *superior*. Cast but a single glance, my Lord, round the pale the line of circumvallation, of that establishment of which you are so nearly the head. View but the chasms from whence issue herds of agriculturalists—boards of commissioners (their motive for qualifying, to which, God, their own consciences and some few of their fellow subjects well know) —public and private drunkards and avaricious gamblers! Well may the Dissenters increase! In vain, my Lord, are exclusive systems of national education: the effect and fate of Sunday schools too clearly prove the futility of every effort of that nature, unaided by *a radical reformation* in the lives and manners of the clergy. What are canons, if not to bind *that body?* What are statutes, if *magistrates* brave them to the very teeth? In order to shew that this is not merely chimerical, I will lightly touch on a few instances by way of exemplification. By 43 Geo. 3, Ch. 84, Sec. 4. it is enacted "that such clerical persons as have not sufficient glebe, may with the consent and approbation of the bishop of the diocese signified in writing, for a limited term of years, take any farm or farms, lands, tenements, or hereditaments, that may, under all the circumstances, appear to such bishop proper to be taken, held, or occupied by any such spiritual person *for the convenience and accommodation of his household and hospitality only*." And by Sec. 5. "Such clerical persons may hold estates as property, but not any farm for cultivation, unless under a lease granted on or before *Jan.* 1, 1803, or by consent of the bishop signified in writing as aforesaid. This is the positive law of the land; and yet, within less than a day's ride from this spot, hundreds of acres are occupied in sheer defiance of its power. Would your Lordship think it possible for a *magistrate* thus to err? Can you imagine any active *vigilant magistrate* adorned with the cobwebs brushed

from the precious lumber of James and Elizabeth, (just as applicable to the present state of society in Britain, as they would be to the natives of Otaheite) so far to forget his situation—his oath—his function, as to be incited by a thirst of gain *to violate the statute law of the land*—those statutes of which he is the sworn administrator? My Lord, instances are not wanting of *after-dinner boastings* of the annual hundreds cleared by permissions obtained under the special circumstance of a *deficiency in glebe*, and granted expressly *in aid thereto*, for the convenience and accommodation of the clergyman's household and hospitality *only*: but that your lordship ever willingly authorized so palpable, so gross a dereliction, I will not, I dare not, for one moment believe, and I hold it a most foul calumny in any one to assert it. It is possible the illegal occupation is not absolutely without approbation in writing; for it were no difficult matter, on an emergency of that nature, after a description of the premises, to couch the request in the humble interrogative used of old by Lot "*is it not a little one?*" Also by Canon 75, "No ecclesiastical person shall at any time, other than for their honest necessities, resort to any taverns or alehouses, neither shall they board or lodge in any such place. Furthermore they shall not give themselves to any base or servile labour, or to drinking or riot, spending their time idly by day or by night, playing dice, cards or tables, or any other unlawful game; but at all times convenient, they shall hear or read somewhat of the holy scriptures, or shall occupy themselves with some other honest study or exercise, always doing the things which shall appertain to honesty, &c. &c. &c. Yet, notwithstanding this most pointed, this total prohibition, many are the places where clergymen of various descriptions, *magisterial* ones included, in public rooms every evening (Sundays to be for the present excepted) spend their hours in gambling at cards, and some not without being strongly suspected of swerving occasionally *from the things which appertain to honesty*. My

Lord, may I presume to ask you one serious question? Is it possible those open infractions of duty can escape the observance of the *laity*? It does not require either fine sense or exalted sense to discover such flagrant breaches of rectitude—no, my Lord, the common *day labourer*—*the chimney sweeper*, shake the head at it—the very *scavenger* employed under their window openly comments upon them! While the stream flows thus polluted, in vain are systems of national education. In all the resolutions I have hitherto read issuing from that source, not a single word occurs, not the most distant hint is suffered to escape of the least necessity for any rectification of conduct in the clergy; no, it is quite sufficient to collect a number of children belonging to the labouring poor and take them to church—the thing, my Lord, has already been tried: *the Sunday schools are a case in point*, from them have the ranks of the Dissenters been amply, yea over amply swelled. That aliment which to a hale and vigorous constitution would afford the greatest nutriment and support, would to an infirm an emaciated frame operate as a deadly poison. Your Lordship well knows no succedaneum is to be found for the honest, the conscientious discharge of a clergyman's duty. Much has been said on the subject of a *general* diffusion of knowledge; this in every stage of society must be partially dependant on circumstances; in a common way, where a *general* invitation is given to *inspect* any thing whatever, care is *generally* taken to render the *object* and every thing *appertaining* thereunto, *as fit to be seen as possible.* Truth and honesty, my Lord, will always bear the strictest scrutiny of day-light—truth needs not the arm of power—the lash of coercion to support it—truth courts enquiry, and rectitude will ever glory in the diffusion of information. All may yet be well if the clergy will condescend to *allure* the seceders to their deserted fold; but if a pertinacious adherence to those courses which they certainly know are inimical to their spiritual calling, is to be persisted in, then (merely upon the first principle in nature) let every nerve

be strained hermetically to seal *the fount of knowledge*---let the *veil of ignorance* be augmented by the triply opake web of Egyptian tangible obscurity! The time is even now come when ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY; let but the clergy of the established church of England punctiliously perform theirs, and, in allusion to any foreign invader, each Briton may apostrophize in the nervous language of the poet,

"Oh sons of earth! attempt ye still to rise,
"By mountains pil'd on mountains to the skies?
"Heav'n still with laughter the vain toil surveys,
"And buries mad men in the heaps they rise."

A FRIEND TO THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH.

Southwell, February 20th, 1812.

RE-APPEARANCE OF THOMAS PAINE.

SIR,

As a stedfast and persevering champion of the public morals, and a zealous advocate of the national religion, I had fully expected to find in the last number of your work, some strictures on an infamous pamphlet, entitled "The Age of Reason, Part the Third; being an examination of the Passages in the New Testament, quoted from the Old, and containing Prophecies, concerning Jesus Christ. By Thomas Paine, &c.; published by Daniel Isaac Eaton," the ci-devant Bibliopolist of Jacobinism, at a place which he denominates "the Ratiocinatory, or Magazine for Truth and Goodsense, *Ave Maria Lane!* The preface, I have reason to believe, was written by the unfortunate Clio Rickman, and contains nothing more than the hacknied quibble on the word "Apology" prefixed to the title of Bishop Watson's answer to the former parts of the Age of Reason. The concluding paragraph, however, is worthy of attention. In the An-

tijacobin Review, the Gentleman's Magazine, and in many other periodical works, there has been circulated a long account of the last moments of Paine, in which a most deplorable picture is exhibited of the infidel's last moments. The account itself, however, bears very evident marks of fanatical origin; and the writer of the preface to the work now before me, assures us, on the authority of many persons now living in England and America, that the relation is a contemptible farrago of falsehood and nonsense. The result of my own enquiries has brought me to the same conclusion; and as infidelity is more frequently hardened to insensibility than awakened to a conviction of its danger, what can we say of the advocates of religion, who could descend to so contemptible an imposition, but that their zeal was greater than their prudence, and their hypocrisy more evident than their honesty?

The most curious part of the "introductory matter" is "an impromptu to the memory of Thomas Paine," apparently by the writer of the preface.

Whilst reviling foes, who knew thee not,
  Employ their tongues in *vain*;
Who no one virtue having got
  Love others to *defame*.

Whilst bigots curse and rogues revile
  This great man now no more;
Who would in pity, if alive,
  Their want of sense deplore.

Whilst vile reports* of his last breath
  The liar's mouth still fill;
Truth will at last rise up supreme,
  And choak the villain's skill.

"* See Times newspaper. Falsehood with some addition taken from the Baptist Magazine. The parson or preacher in that work informs his readers that he had it from the portfolio of a brother minister, alias preacher, who might perhaps have dreamed like unto Joseph, who had so many dreams, but never dreamed about christianity, nor ever attended his son's lectures."

Whilst princes, judges, bishops, peers,
His head and heart condemn,
He is, my friend, as plain appears,
A god compared to them.

After this "farrago of nonsense and falsehood," we are favored with an address from Paine himself, to the ministers and preachers of all denominations of religion, in which he endeavours to prove the folly of religious belief, from the disputes and dissensions that have always divided the christian world. "One set of preachers (he observes) make salvation to consist in believing: they tell their congregations, that if they believe in Christ, their sins shall be forgiven. This in the first place is an encouragement to sin, in a similar manner, as when a prodigal young fellow is told his father will pay all his debts, he runs into debt the faster, and becomes the more extravagant. Daddy, says he, pays all, and on he goes. Just so in the other case, Christ pays all, and on goes the sinner."

"Another set of preachers tell their congregation that God predestinated and selected from all eternity, a certain number to be saved, and a certain number to be damned eternally. If this were true the day of judgment is past, their preaching is in vain, and they had better work at some useful calling for their livelihood. Can a bad man be reformed by telling him that if he is one of those who *was* decreed to be damned before he was born, his reformation will do him no good; and that if he was decreed to be saved, he will be saved, whether he believes it or not, for this is the result of the doctrine? such preaching and such preachers do injury to the moral world. They had better be at the plough."

These extracts afford a just view, not only of the mode of reasoning, by which Paine and his disciples attack the strong holds of religion; but of the manner in which they obtrude themselves, on the notice of their fellow creatures. When an infidel is spoken of, he expects to be treated with all imaginable courtesy; when he speaks himself, he applies to all who are not prepared for the

reception of his sentiments, the epithets of fools and rascals. He forgets, that among multitudes he stands alone; that in such a situation some doubt of the correctness of his own opinions, and some moderation in their expressions i not only prudent, but necessary, if his cause be just, to its favorable reception: he stops not to enquire, whether if his fellow creatures be the dupes of prejudice, that prejudice may not contribute to their happiness; and he forgets that if the multitude, by possibility, be right, he has cruelly and gratuitously lacerated its most sacred feelings, and weakened even the salutary authority of imperishable truth.

That Paine was a man of considerable talents, is confessed by the Bishop of Landaff, and is evident from the present publication. He excels in the art of putting ingenious sophistries into the homely garb of humble common sense. In his Appendix he says "I do not believe because a man and woman make a child, that it imposes on the Creator the unavoidable obligation of keeping the being so made in eternal existence hereafter." By the general reader, this sentence will be received as the concise expression of a plain and rational opinion; it will not occur to one purchaser of the book out of ten, that the power of bringing other beings into the world, was conferred by the Almighty power, and its future operation predetermined.

It would appear, from the concluding paragraph, that the vanity of Thomas Paine was at least commensurate with his talents. "This," says he, "is my opinion. It is consistent with my idea of God's justice, and with the reason he has given me; *and I gratefully know he has given me a large share of that divine gift.*" It is not my intention, however, to enter into a minute analysis of his posthumous attacks on the christian religion. To engage in controversy with the infidel, unless in detail, is worse than unprofitable; nor should I have obtruded even thus far on your patience, had not I been anxious to direct your future attention to the productions of Mr. Eaton's manufactory. I remain, with great respect,

Orchard-street, Feb. 18, 1812. J. L. Butler, M. D.

CUMBRIAN TRANSFORMATIONS, OR LOVE AND METHODISM.

SIR,

IN the parish of which your present correspondent is the oldest inhabitant, lived Mr. Tunbelly, a respectable publican, the master of the Goose and Gridiron, and the fortunate possessor of a mate, whose waist exceeded his barrels in rotundity, whose cheeks were more ruby than his wine, and whose temper was more crooked than her corkscrew. In his own person he bore no other indication of his profession than a nasal prominence resembling in form the map of Italy, and emitting as much light and heat as the burning end of his kitchen poker. In height he was just five feet three inches; lean as the hack that conveyed his lady and himself on Easter Monday to the neighbouring fair; his voice had a scrannel tone; of his legs one had by nature been bent inwards, the other was straight and symmetrical, and did great credit to the skill of the village joiner. He had worn from time immemorial a brown bob wig, a grass-green coat, a cocked hat, capacious ruffles, a buckle six inches in diameter, red worsted stockings, and buckskin breeches. I am thus particular in the description of his dress, because it is characteristic of "auld lang syne," of times that never will return, when individual character put forth all its luxuriance, at a distance from the assimilating hot-bed of the metropolis, where professional habits obliterate every indication of personal character, and fashion restrains the bias of eccentricity. For twelve long years had this happy couple been joined together in the bonds of holy wedlock, and participated in the fashionable luxuries of every decent village in Cumberland, negus and scandal. If their visits to church were not very frequent on their own parts, their zeal for religion was plainly testified by the monthly attendance of Dorothy their bar-maid; and if their own quarrels were the theme of wondering curiosity to all the hamlet, Mrs. Tunbelly repaid the obligation by active

interference in the domestic concerns of her neighbours. She was, it must be confessed, a notable woman; could make herself a welcome and useful visitor at every christening, and possessed undivided sway throughout the parish as the arbitress of fashion.

About the year 1783 a pedestrian of a comely person but mean appearance, arrived at the Blue Lion. A dirty pocket handkerchief contained all his worldly riches, consisting of a shaving-box, a pair of worsted stockings and a volume of Wesley's sermons. Mrs. Tunbelly was accustomed to regard a trunk in the "Blue room," and a hack in the stable, as her best security for the due payment of her bill, and the dress and manner of Mr. Toogood were not calculated to remove her ancient prepossessions. The husband, however, was of opinion that before they refused him refreshment, it would be prudent to make some enquiries respecting his condition and pursuits.

Having ordered the gentleman therefore to be shewn into the back parlour, he began according to his usual manner to descant on the fineness of the weather, the oppression of taxes, and other favorite topics of conversation: to all his remarks, however, the stranger only replied by a succession of sighs and groans. At length he found the necessity of coming to the point, and the following is a correct report of the dialogue.

Tunbelly. I suppose you come here on business?

Stranger. Yes, my Lord has given me a call—thanks to his name!

Tunbelly. Why I suppose your Lord is a goodish kind of a person then—mayhap?

Stranger. Yes, friend—he has fed and cloathed me even from my youth up, and hath been very gracious unto his servant.

Tunbelly. Oh! oh! then I suppose you have a jolly time of it among you. Pray what may be your allowance; how many noggins of rum have you a day, if it be fair to ask?

Stranger. I thirst for no other liquor than the water of life.

Tunbelly. Aye, let me tell you *aqua vitæ* is no suchbad thing. But pray if it be so that you can tell me, without offence, what did his lordship give you a call about?

Stranger. Verily he told me that the lost sheep of Ashwell had gone astray, and sent me to draw them from the path that leadeth to destruction.

Tunbelly. Well, I'll be *hanged* if I recollect any sheep that run away since farmer Dixon's; but, however, I'll make enquiries among my neighbours, and perhaps I may find some for you—so you are a shepherd, it seems?

Stranger. Yea, verily, an unworthy one; the meanest on the Hill of Sion.

The last word of the stranger put an end to Tunbelly's inquiries. Sion!—Sion! he exclaimed as he returned to his wife; why sure enough, he's shepherd to old Senhouse, at Sion Lodge, who sleeps in the blue room twice a year. This conclusion he communicated to his helpmate, but she was not satisfied with his report of the conversation, and resolved to investigate the stranger's history for herself. He had ordered a glass of brandy and water, and she now took it in her hand, resolved to bring it back, if she were not satisfied. The exact particulars of the conversation that ensued,I have not been able to ascertain; but certain it is that on her return she left the brandy and water behind her, that the village schoolroom was engaged by Mr. Tunbelly himself for the approaching night,and the bellman sent round to inform "all friends and neighbours" that a prayer meeting would be held, at which every christian brother was exhorted to appear. In this distant and obscure part of the country methodism was little more than the shadow of a name. The fame of Mr. Wesley had reached Ashwell, but none of his emissaries had yet regarded it as a fruitful vineyard. Curiosity, therefore, drew together the old and the young, the devout and the profane. Sighs and groans, and exclamations, gave audible evidence to the powers

of the itinerant; the congregation was excited to enthusiasm, and the punch-bowl provided by Mr. Tunbelly for the occasion overflowed with sixpences.

Among the audience were Mrs. and Mr. Tunbelly. Mrs. Tunbelly had several private wrestlings with the "dear man" (for the cant of methodism is easily diffused;) when the number of proselytes had become so numerous that Mr. Squintum's weekly visit from Whitehaven was insufficient to satisfy every yearning soul, he condescended to bestow on Mr. Tunbelly the gifts and attributes of a local preacher, reserving for himself a stipulated sum out of the profits of his labours. The vaults, the bar, and the stable, were neglected by the enthusiastic publican for the pulpit; and his preaching was soon remarked, in spite of the more prudent sanctity of the wife, to be more palatable than his ale.

The progress of Squintum and his coadjutor in the work of conversion, had now successfully continued for two years, when the prospects of the one were obscured, and the zeal of the other provoked to madness, by the appearance of a competitor in the trade of methodism. A Manchester traveller and his wife, had witnessed with envy, the facility with which the Cumbrian preachers transferred the money of the industrious poor to their own pockets. At the suggestion of the wife, the husband resolved to try how far it was possible to share the spoils of vulgar credulity. Bills were circulated, therefore, throughout the village, intimating that a genuine disciple of Mr. Whitfield was about to pay a spiritual visit to the faithful at Ashwell, and that a female proselyte would not only "exhort," but listen to the confessions of the female backsliders. *Such* a notice what firmness could resist? on the first night of the appearance of the female *holder*-forth, the *rooms* of the opposite party were deserted, and the female orator proved herself to be the most "*divine*" of women; the husband descanted very sweetly on the winding-up the thread of life, and wrapping up the soul in the broadcloth of righteousness. He told his auditors, that though

a man's sins should be more indelible than the nankeen dye, by his assistance they should be washed as white as the purest calico; that he hoped they would become well cut patterns of faith everlasting, that they would do well to purchase the treasure of great price, without the cloak of hypocrisy, or the veil of pretended sanctity; and that he should be sorry if they imagined that the truths he had told, were the manufacture of his own brain. His eloquence was triumphant, and the victory was completed by the bankruptcy of Tunbelly, and the elopement of his rib with the holy Wesleyite!

Mr. H. remained among us for several months, extending the progress of fanaticism; and enriching himself from the presents bestowed upon his wife, by the infatuated dupes of his hypocrisy. The women sold their furniture, that they might purchase trinkets and china for the dear woman, their sister and mistress in the faith; and pigs and poultry found their way by most miraculous instinct from the farms and yards of his neighbours into the preacher's kitchen. In the very height of his glory, however, he was taken from us, by an unexpected visitation. As he was holding forth on the vanity of all earthly treasures, he was arrested in the midst of his congregation by two police officers, from Bow-street, on a charge of embezzling the goods and money of his Manchester employer. He was taken away the next morning, amidst the mingled curses and lamentations of the multitude; and has since been transported to New South Wales.

A few of his disciples regarded this misfortune as nothing to be lamented, seeing that it was a trial of righteousness; but the greater number were ashamed of their infatuation, and returned to their former habits of attendance at church, and affection for their families. Methodism, however, is always on the watch for the gratification of its avarice; we soon had another preacher to watch over the select few, who still continued in the ways of grace: his congregation was too small to admit

of luxurious ostentation; but with the adjacent circuit, he contrived to "pick up" a comfortable living.

This personage, a dapper being, aged forty-five, of portly but diminutive person, with a face more remarkable for the rotundity that indicates luxurious eating, than the glow of health, or the efflorescence of the wine-bibber; with a pug nose, and eyes expressive of perfect self-complacency, was in reality a good-hearted little being; destitute of solid principle, but of friendly habits, and good humoured eccentricities. Like many more important characters, he would commit actions of a tendency the most deplorable in their ultimate consequences; while he would have shrunk with abhorrence from the commission of any act, that could have occasioned even the *immediate* uneasiness of a fellow creature. He looked not beyond the moment before him, and thought any mode of obtaining *a livelihood*, that was not in the common acceptation of that term dishonest, or did no immediate harm to any body, was perfectly fair and laudable. In the early part of his life he had been a surgeon's mate; having been lost among the taverns at Plymouth he was left behind, while the vessel proceeded on her voyage with his purse and wardrobe; he began, therefore, to practice as a quack doctor among the nymphs of that chaste and refined town; but he found that there were too many rivals already in possession of the good graces of the fair, to admit of his obtaining a precarious subsistence, and he engaged himself as tapster and factotum to the buxom landlady of the Rose and Crown. Here he lived in clover for many years, and might have continued to do so still, had not Mr. Whitfield himself condescended to hold forth in the long room, and had not Mr. Pearson been an attentive auditor. Being a man of humour, he himself held forth on the ensuing evening to an amazed auditory consisting of his former patients, and of the ostler and his fellows. What he had done so well in jest, it occurred to him that he might do in earnest. His widow began to be old and peevish; she had a niece

too proud to marry him, and too poor not to expect the widow's savings. He made his serious debut among the sailors on ship-board; and so much edified the captain of a collier just dismissed from the transport service that he gave him a free passage to Whitehaven, and by his interest obtained him the mastership of the Mariner's Charity-school.

This school, however, was a sinecure, and he took up his abode amongst the good folks of Ashwell. Though the sixpences fell in with sufficient frequency to pay for his daily feast and his nightly purl, his congregation was never very numerous. He had very little of the whine, he indulged more frequently in the relation of extraordinary adventures on ship-board, and among the bears of the North Pole, than in the explanation of the scriptures; and what was worse than all, he played at cribbage. This their former instructors had told them was very sinful, and would be productive of eternal damnation. When the village elect were informed, therefore, that Dr. Pearson had been impressed as a surgeon, and conveyed on board one of his majesty's ships, the mourners consisted only of the barber, the exciseman, and the successor of Mr. Tunbelly.

But the period was now approaching when fanaticism should revive in all its enthusiasm, and the business and property of the unfortunate tradesman and mechanics of the town should *go to the d——l*, that their souls might be saved from "H——l"—The critics who applauded master Betty on his first appearance had never witnessed, or had forgotten the labours of many an infant preacher, who arose at the end of the eighteenth century, to enlighten the darkness of a benighted generation. A youth of fifteen, the son of a strolling player, was conveyed on a methodistical speculation to the coast of Cumberland. He had the scriptures by heart, and had been tutored with so much diligence that he could expound their obscurities, and enforce their precepts with considerable fluency. The fame of such a prodigy was rumoured

from one extremity of the coast to another—it was found impossible that any room should contain the numbers who flocked together to behold the phenomenon of early inspiration. When the youth appeared,all the females were in raptures with the beauty of his countenance; his infantine lisp contributed by the affect of contrast to place in a still more extraordinary light his talents of exhortation. The village declared withone voice that the dear youth was inspired: nothing was witnessed in the decent families of the place, but contention which should first be favored with the honor of a vist: matrons sighed for his private exhortations, and virgins made him their confessor, and received in return such advice as seemed best calculated to fortify their innocence. It was found that the boy was fond of sugar-plums, and messengers were dispatched to Carlisle to obtain those luxuries: Miss Banks, the bookseller's daughter, and in Ashwell a lady of great importance, not only made him tippets of the finest cambric, but tied them on with her own fair hands. At length the mania extended to the country round, and the youthful preacher was invited twice a week to exhort and sleep at a female boarding-school. His wrestlings at this "seminary of education" were too successful. In a few months symptoms of something very different from old maidism, appeared in one of the oldest pupils. The governess was alarmed, and resolved to detect the offender, and rushing unexpectedly on a moonlight evening into the chamber she found the righteous cherub in bed, between the pregnant lady and her own daughter. The discovery was too complete for subterfuge, and Augustus Mountjoy took a precipitate departure to the Isle of Man.

Such, Sir, is an authentic history of the revolutions in our methodistical establishment up to the year 1796; when the village committed itself to the spiritual guidance of its apothecary. From that year to the present time, I shall continue my sketch, at an early opportunity. You will perceive, even from this hasty outline, how cru-

ally the people of the remotest districts of this country have been deceived and tormented by their lank-haired fanatics. Your exertions in the support of rational religion against the encroachments of designing hypocrisy, or superstitious enthusiasm, deserve the thanks of the community, and are peculiarly grateful to him who subscribes himself with great truth and sincerity,

Your affectionate friend,

A CUMBERLAND MAGISTRATE.

——— *Hall, near Mary Port.*
Feb. 16*th*, 1812.

THEATRICAL REVIEW.

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri ;
Quo me cunque rapit tempestas deferor *hospes*.

THAT New Drury will be opened for the entertainment of the public either under an accumulation of debt, or by its transference to other proprietors, there is now no reason to dispute; and we own that our sympathy in the distresses of Mr. Sheridan is so much less powerful than our partiality to the legitimate drama, that our pleasure at the representation of Hamlet or the School for Scandal would not be in the least degree interrupted by any reflections on the embarrassment of theatrical speculators. If the house be opened, and the public receive an equivalent for its money, the subscribers may divide the profits as they please. We are not called upon to pity the tradesmen attached to the theatre, because if they credit the concern after the warnings they have received, they must be very foolish or very avaricious; and of the subscribers themselves we are convinced that one half regard the sums paid down as distributed in benevo-

lence, and have no expectation of receiving either principle or interest.

We have been favored with explanations of the principles on which the theatre is erected, and gladly express our opinion that much ingenuity is displayed in their application by Mr. Wyatt to the purpose immediately before him.

It cannot be denied, he observes, that the largest return, which can be obtained consistently with a due attention to the interests of the public, is the legitimate right of the proprietors: and consequently that after having determined the width of the stage opening on a suitable scale, the most capacious form which can possibly be constructed to admit of distinct vision and sound is the form which ought to be chosen.

It appears to be a very popular notion at present, that our theatres ought to be very small; but if that popular notion be suffered to proceed too far, it will tend in every way to deteriorate our dramatic performances; by depriving the proprietors of that revenue, which is indispensible to defray the expences of such a concern, and to leave a reasonable profit to those whose property may be embarked in the undertaking.

It must be evident to every one conversant with the heavy expences incident to such an establishment, that no principal theatre in London, can be so managed as to afford to the public any advantage equal to, and certainly none beyond, what it has already been accustomed to receive, unless that theatre shall be capable of accommodating to the amount of not less than 600*l*. (exclusive of private boxes) at one time: calculating at the prices subsequently to the opening of the new theatre in Covent Garden.

Assuming the boundary, which has been described as the limit of the stage opening, and confining the front boxes, which is absolutely necessary for purposes of vision and sound within a given distance from the front line of the stage, it is quite unquestionable that a segment of a circle, including three-fourths, of an entire circle,

contains the most capacious area, which can be formed within those given points; and therefore if that form be also one which is well adapted to distinct vision, it ought, upon the principle before stated to be chosen in preference to any other.

A theatre consisting of three fourths of a circle with a proscenium, which shall limit the stage, opening to 35 feet, will contain in four different heights, 78 boxes, holding 1004 persons; with four boxes, of larger size than the rest next to the stage, on each side of the theatre, capable of containing 188 spectators, in addition to the 1004, before mentioned, amounting in the aggregate to 1192 persons;

	£.	s.	d.
or	417	4	0
A pit capable of containing 911 persons, or	159	8	6
A two shilling gallery, for 482 persons, or	48	4	0
A one shilling gallery, for 284 persons, or	14	4	0
Making together the sum of	£639	0	6

exclusive of four private boxes in the proscenium and 14 in the basement of the theatre, immediately under the dress boxes. Supposing the four private boxes in the proscenium to be appropriated to the managers, and certain other persons connected with the theatre, who shall pay no rent for those boxes, the remaining 14 private boxes will let as follows; namely, the twelve smaller ones, for 500l. each, for the season, being at the rate of 23l. per night for 200 nights, which together with the foregoing amount produces an aggregate total of 662l. 0s. 6d.

Comparing his own experiments with those of Mr. Sanders, Mr. Wyatt is led to conclude, that the natural expansion of the human voice when moderately exerted, will be in the proportion of about two ninths further in a direct line than it will laterally, and that the voice being distinctly audible on each side of the speaker at a distance of seventy-five feet, it will be as plainly heard at a distance of ninety-two feet in front of the speaker: declining

in strength behind him, so as not to be clearly heard at much more than thirty feet from his back. Now it is evident that as the space between the front line of the stage the boxes immediately facing that line may at times constitute the lateral direction of the voice, the utmost distance from the front of the stage to the back wall of the boxes facing the stage ought not to exceed seventy-five feet. Upon this principle Mr. W. has confined the distance from the front of the stage to the back wall of the boxes facing the stage, to fifty-three feet nine inches, or twenty-one feet three inches within the expansion of the voice in its lateral direction. After having determined the longitudinal distance he completes upon it three fourths of a circle.; he justly objects to the semicircle as too much widening the stage opening, and to the oval and horse-shoe as extending the longitudinal distance. He insists also on the necessity of making the depth from the front to the back of the boxes of an equal magnitude, throughout the house, in order to facilitate the uniform diffusion of the sound.

Mr. Wyatt has sprung the proscenium from the back instead of from the front of the boxes, and rounded off the fronts of the boxes nearest the stage until they join the wall which separates the proscenium from (what he chooses to call) the *spectatory*. By this means he has contrived to display the scene to the very last seats in the stage box, without increasing the stage opening beyond its legiimate length.

"In the theatre at Parma, (he observes,) which is particularly celebrated both for sound and vision, the frontispiece of the stage opening is placed at a distance of no less than forty feet from the termination of the spectatory, for the purpose of opening a view of the scene to the spectators nearest to the stage; and the width of the stage opening in that theatre with a view to the same desirable object s extended to thirty-nine feet, exceeding by four feet the width which is given to that opening in my design."

He then observes that even by this contrivance the spectators in the back seats of the theatre at Parma, have not the same advantages of vision as the visitors of New Drury.

For the facility of ingress and egress, whatever doors of entrance, staircases, or avenues are provided for one side of the house, are provided for the other side. He has separated the doors from each other as much as possible, and has made them extremely wide. He has taken off all angles upon the landings, making those landings throughout, of exactly the same length with the steps. In the great staircases leading to the boxes, the ascent is first in one flight, and then in two, and so on alternately to the top: the centre flights being exactly double the width of the side flights throughout, and the staircases are capable of containing upon *their own steps and landings* a greater number of persons by one third than the *whole* of the boxes can contain.

Adverting to the respectability of many persons, who occasionally go to the theatre at the second price; and considering the inconvenience to which such persons have been hitherto exposed, by waiting for the time of admission, either *out of doors*, or among the servants in the hall, he has been led to provide a remedy for this inconvenience; and has in his plan made an arrangement for admitting those persons, at any period of the performance, to a well-aired comfortable room; where after having paid their money, they may be at liberty to wait the time of what is called the half price; an accommodation which is estimated by persons well acquainted with these matters, to be capable of attracting an additional twenty pounds per night, which for 200 nights, is 4000*l.* per annum.

And lastly he proposes to place the saloon in the second tier, to embellish it in such a way, that the luxurious, the idle, and the dissolute may prefer it to any other part of the house, to have no baskets, and thus to secure, without any invidious distinction, the dress boxes from improper intrusion or interruption.

Covent Garden.

The Virgin of the Sun is, as we concluded from its title, one of those splendid productions in which the dramatist yields precedence to the scene-painter and the mechanist. The object of a modern dramatist is not

to "shew the age and body of the time its form and pressure;" "to hold the mirror up to nature," but to scribble dialogues that may naturally lead to affective situations. The judgment scene of this piece, for instance, is introduced by Mr. Reynolds, not because it is requisite to the "better carrying on of the plot," but because it exhibits an actor in a picturesque attitude, and affords occasion for the introduction of splendid scenery. Were Shakespeare now alive, he would find it necessary to wind up all his tragedies with a "flourish of trumpets, a grand march, a monarch on his throne, and a procession of courtiers." As a spectacle the piece surpasses all that ingenuity had before produced; and Mr. Reynolds may claim the merit of writing for the scene painter more successfully than any contemporary dramatist. In the introduction of Liston alone he has been unfortunate: the part of Diego is wholly ineffective.

It is impossible to determine whether the language of the Virgin of the Sun be intended to creep in prose, or hobble in blank verse; One of Ataliba's speeches does both; we have placed the verses within inverted commas:

Ataliba. I see—and whatsoe'er may be my private feelings,
"As trusted guardian of the state, and well
"Convinced a sovereign faithful to his duty
"Is the best image of our god on earth,
"I will while I exist uphold my nation's"
laws, and when I die restore as I received them. Now perform your office.

Miss Smith, with great natural talents, and the most perfect acquaintance with all the arts of her profession, appeared to much disadvantage in the part of Cora. There is nothing of female loveliness in the contour of her face, or of female tenderness in the expression of her countenance. She bears about her the genuine features of *old-maidism;* and ought if she wishes to rise in the estimation of the public, to refrain from appearing in parts of youthful, animated, and amiable passion. She is formed by nature to worship the severer muses, and is as unequal to the personation of a love-sick nymph, as Mr. Young to the representation of an amorous Adonis.

Our pity has seldom been more fervently excited, than by the *exhibition* of Mr. Huntley in the part of Alonzo. This gentleman is not deficient in natural genius; but his countenance is only expressive of meanness or in-

sipidity. If there be any situation in this world, in which a man may be hopelessly miserable, unvisited by the infliction of bodly pain, it is that of an actor enthusiastic in the study of his art, and endowed by nature with the most perfect powers of conception, while he is unable to appear before an audience, without exciting the contempt of the judicious, and the derision of the unfeeling.

That Mr. Kemble retires from Covent-garden after the termination of the present season, is positively asserted by his friends: and that he has formed an engagement with the ostensible managers of New Drury is insinuated by the friends of Mr. Sheridan: with every feeling of respect, however, for his personal and professional character, we cannot but express our opinion that he would act most wisely by following the example of his sister. To retire in time is the first wisdom of a successful actor. Mr. Kemble is not what he has been; since the commencement of the present season, his voice has undergone a perceptible alteration, and the 'horse croak of Kemble's foggy throat,' it does not require the alertness of the Satirist to discover. As a proof, if any proof were required, that we offer these observations in the spirit of genuine friendship, we insert the following eulogium on Mr. Kemble as he was, by a man whose opinions on dramatic subjects can seldom be disputed without danger or injustice.

" As an actor (says Mr. Cumberland) who in the decline of our national taste stands firm in the support of the legitimate drama, Mr. Kemble has my most sincere respect; and when I bear this unprejudiced testimony to his merit, I am moved to it by no other consideration but as I think it due from me being the conductor of a work devoted to the interests of fair criticism and contemporary genius. If he is evidently cautious how he lends himself to great variety of character, he very probably acts wisely for his fame and prudently for his health; but I am far from sure that we have seen him in the whole capacity of his powers: nor does it follow because he has never stepped beyond the boundaries of his genius, that he has absolutely stepped up to them. I rather think that if he chose to sally from his entrenchments he might take new ground, and post himself very strongly on it. I have watched him in *Leon*, and will venture to say that his fatuity in that character is more highly coloured than that of Garrick's was. I dare say my readers can recollect certain parts in which his unimpassioned recitation that

would hang so heavy in the hands of others, has a charm that never wearies us in his. I am satisfied that he might considerably enlarge his compass if he would. Nevertheless, we must confess the stamp of nature is upon him as the tragic hero: and when we add to that the habits he has acquired by the study of his art, and probably by the disposition also of his mind, he has a right if he sees fit to be seen in none but the gravest and most dignified situations. Nay although it were allowed on all hands, and he himself were conscious, that such were the true compass and determined limitation of his powers, yet Mr. Kemble would have no right to arraign the liberality of nature, because she did not give him features as flexible and a frame as plastic as she gave to Garrick: what is great and solemn and sublime she has qualified him to express; and though her gifts, as such alone, had not been very various, they surely may be called extremely valuable: But I adhere to my conjecture," * * * * "Upon this arduous part, (Hamlet,) Mr. Kemble enters with attributes in some respects happier and more auspicious than those with which Garrick was by nature armed. The dignity of the Prince is in his form, the moody silence, meditative look, repulsive coldness, and taunting ridicule cast on the creatures of the court who besiege him, are peculiarly his own: in the judicious management of soliloquy, so little understood by some, he is not to be surpassed by any; and in the interviews with the apparition of his father, no actor can be more impressive. The present stage while possessed of Mr. Kemble, has to boast of a performer more deeply scientific, more learned, and more laborious in his profession, than is probably to be found in the annals of the British theatre."

During the present month the innocent and ingenuous Mr. Taylor has been unusually active. Into his conduct towards Mr. Alexander Read, against whom he had preferred a charge of perjury, and whose honor and integrity he fully established by his own evidence, we shall enter in our next number at considerable length. The opening of the Pantheon having been announced for Thursday next, Mr. Taylor resolved to shew its managers how little he dreaded their competition, and actually postponed the Opera from the accustomed Tuesday till Thursday. Last night, therefore, there was no performance: nor could he have devised a more effectual way of sending all the visitors of the Opera to the Pantheon.

February 26th, 1812.

W. N. Jones, Printer, Green-Arbour Court, Old Bailey, London.